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# How to leave the COUNTRY

By JOHN F. KENYON

I ADMIT I thought it would be easy; that to leave for overseas would entail only formalities such as passport, taxation clearance, etc. I intended to toss a few old rags in a bag and beat it.

I would be on my way in just no time at all. Ha! Ha!

My manpower letter recorded that "... desires to proceed to ..." and after came the horrifying truths: my marital status (or lack of it), occupation, my medical condition (or lack of it)—and, worst of all, my full identity card number, giving away the final secret.

I shall be brave, I thought. I shall deny the facts.

But that was before I had my passport photograph taken.

When they showed me the proofs I laughed madly. "S.S. man," I snarled, visioning one of the guards at a horror camp. "For the Press, I suppose," I added, a little grimly.

"No," the girl said a little doubtfully, preparing to dart into the studio at the least signs of violence. "They're your passport photos."

I sagged. This was the bitter end. They would never let me leave the country now. One look at

that strained, shifty face with the droopy lid on the left eye would have them

noosing through countless files at the C.I.B. searching for a murderer.

A friend looked at it in horror.

"They didn't take a profile as well," she commented. She had a great fondness for murder stories, and was versed in police photography.

I gathered cards and slips in increasing quantities for dry cleaning, laundry, photographic prints, and repairs, and had a notebook full of dates which screamed at me "See So-and-so," "Pick up pants," "Dentist."



"After the first sudden jab I realised that I was to be guinea-pigged for a whole month."

I just take another trip to Manly and be satisfied with a little rocking as we cross Sydney Heads?

Maybe I was being silly after all—my head had ached for days and my feet had dropped to a flatness similar to the pancakes cooked in snack-bar windows in the city.

Everybody was being helpful and kind, but orders were orders and must be obeyed. I developed a fixed but grim smile which I turned on at every port of call, hoping it would somehow speed up the mending of the pants or the signing of papers.

My friends farewelled me—and then stared curiously when they saw me strolling dazedly round town weeks later. I made more farewell performances than many renowned come-back singers of great repute.

Disbelief that I intended to leave the country settled in sardonically and every time I found further delay I tried to laugh it off, but was met with polite stares.

I am still here!

I have a sheaf of papers that I wave in everybody's face when they doubt me.

My feet ache from my journeys round town, and I am bursting through my last tan shoes.

All the clothes I had dry-cleaned

have been worn again, soiled and sent back to be re-done.

I have lost a lot of my boyish laughter, or rather replaced it with a gay hysteria that matches the wild light in my eyes.

I am beginning to feel like a bride that just won't be claimed.

But I understand that I am just racing through with my arrangements!

I am tagged, listed—ready to be shipped. My feet are flat, my arm is useless, and I am beginning to feel like my photographs!

And that is the last straw!



Old English Lavender

by Christy

Lavender... beloved fragrance, a scent of enchantment old as time—yet new as tomorrow's dawn... perfectly captured for your loveliness by Christy.



Lavender Perfume... subtle, yet distinctive... the supreme complement to your personality.

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REMEMBER... with CHRISTY... you walk "hand in hand with loveliness"

I felt like this season's debutante. I began to develop a terrible complex that I would forget something and invariably found myself handing in a ticket for a wind jacket when arriving for an amalgam filling.

In the midst of it all I found myself lined up for a series of vaccinations and inoculations. This, I thought grimly, will soon be over.

But no, after the first sudden jab I realised that I was to be guinea-pigged for a whole month!

My injected arm became my baby. "Keep away," I screamed lustily as anybody came near me, and acquired a reputation for upplishness.

Somebody was heard to remark that people who went abroad just loved to put on an act, and, anyway, she wouldn't have touched me, even with the proverbial barge pole.

Tell us what you have earned, the Taxation Department said cheerfully—and it began all over again. Where was my cash book? In the box I was putting into storage!

## Financial chaos

I ROAMED through piles of books and manuscripts, a bright red-orange vase, a pile of old letters and photographs, some framed prints, and a Chinese back-scratcher, and found it at last.

I totalled it up and finished it right off—and a cheque came in the next day for an article, and we had to start all over again.

In the meantime I had applied for my shipping priority and was told I may have to wait a little while.

I wonder, I told myself, if I shall ever walk aboard that ship—or shall

## SUFFERERS FROM FACIAL HAIRS

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

## "VANIX"

Is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

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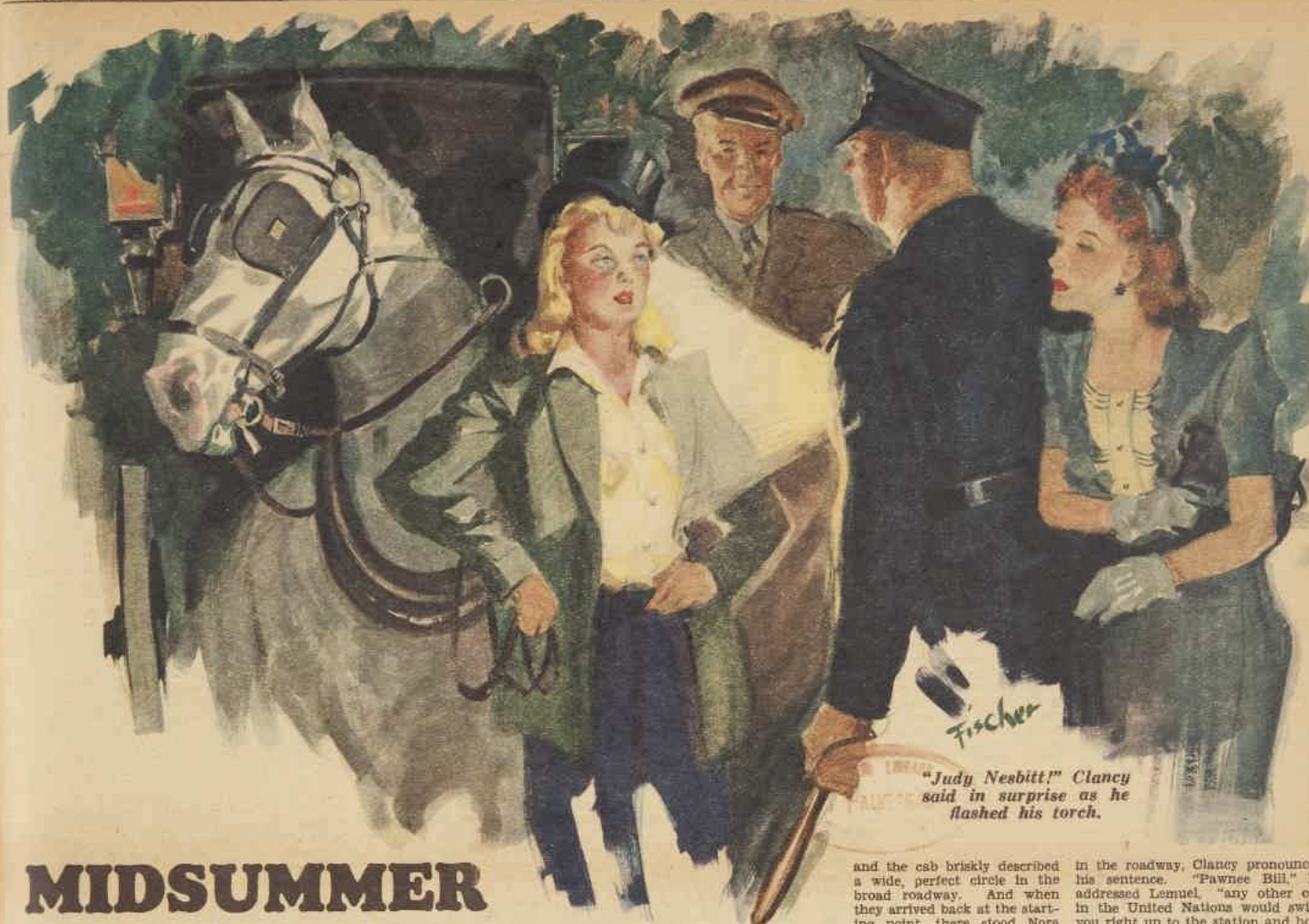
## Speedy "Thermal" Action

Rub Wintrol over throat and chest and see how quickly it relieves shivery aches—makes little ones warm and comfortable for the night while its "thermal" action goes to work. Made by the makers of Buckley's Canadoli Mixture, and available from all chemists and stores.



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"Judy Nesbitt!" Clancy said in surprise as he flashed his torch.

## MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S NIGHTMARE

It was a midsummer night. Out by the sidewalk on Central Park South stood one of those four-wheeler horse cabs in whose twilight interiors lovers go clompy-clompy down the road of romance. Up on the driver's seat sat a pretty girl, arrayed in dark slacks and jacket, and an ancient silk stovepipe hat. The horse was elderly and piebald, and she was tranquilly asleep.

Along the walk strolled a tall and angular soldier with a damsel on his arm. Suddenly he halted and said in a hushed and reverent tone, "Nora, a pinto and a stagecoach!"

"If pinto means horse," the damsel responded without enthusiasm, "the only thing I like less than a horse is a cow."

But the soldier towed her right over to the slumbering pinto. The animal awoke and regarded him coldly. Softly he said, "She's the first horsecab I've seen for months. It makes me homesick!" He rumped the horse's black mane lovingly, and muzzled her nose.

First the horse looked mad, then she appeared uncertain in her mind, and finally she came through with a friendly little nicker.

Down from the driver's seat climbed the girl in the stovepipe hat. "Well!" she exclaimed. "Must be you're a horse's man, Corporal. Mostly Lena bites people."

"Gee and haw, ma'am!" the soldier marvelled. "I thought you were a man, sitting up there under that stetson!" He became very enthusiastic. "Well, if this isn't a wonderful thing for a girl to do—drive a horse in New York to free a man to fight! Miss, I'd admire to make your acquaintance. I'm Lemuel Garner, of Arizona, and this is Nora McGeever."

"I'm Judy Nesbitt," said the girl.

"I'm a cow hand, Judy," explained Lemuel.

"But I," revealed Nora McGeever fully, "am not a cowgirl. And what," she addressed her escort, "are we going to do with this eternal triangle we got now? Have a rodeo?"

The Arizonian's face lighted up. "Why, I know what we can do! We can take a nice canter in the park . . . Judy, couldn't we all sort of ride triple saddle up on top?"

The driver of the cab swallowed. "Mister," she said, "there is a cop in the park named Clancy, and he aggravates easy. If we ride, we are going to ride normal, you downstairs and me up."

"Oh, well," Lemuel surrendered. "I always wanted to ride in a stagecoach, anyway. Juniper, won't it be sweet to hear hoof music again!"

So Lemuel Garner and his girl went awaying rhythmically away into the woods-scented twilight. Lemuel rolled a cigarette with his left hand while he enfolded his girl with his right arm, and it wasn't long before Nora whispered contritely, "It is kind of sweet and snooty here, I got to admit."

But for Lemuel Garner those sounds were a wily siren song. Deeper and deeper into him reached that hoofy beating in the night, calling him up and away from that stifled girl, so unlike the girl out there with the reins in her hands, and from that downstairs seat, so unlike a swinging saddle. And in the end the lure lifted him right in his arms, and he sat up and said irritably, "I'm nervous riding so far behind a horse!"

"And now how do we cure this?" Nora straightened up from being dropped out of his arms. "Ride on the horse, or bring him in to sit between us?"

"Stand hitched, amigo! Whoa!" shouted Lemuel to the driver. "Nora, I wasn't really actually thinking of riding on the horse, but if you are thinking of it, too—why, O purple sierras, just think of having a colt between your knees again!"

They got out in the road and Lemuel made his supplication: "Look, Judy. Sitting there listening to hoofs has given me such an itch to straddle a horse—that my eyes are watering. Listen, if I pay double, can I please, please, just unhitch Lena for sixty seconds, and bound on her when we see nobody's coming, and whoosh her down that moonpath in the meadow?"

The driver's astonishment melted into a smile. "I understand, Lemuel. But if Clancy should see you riding my horse down a moonpath—soldier, you get right back in this wagon!"

"Oh, Christmas, I feel like ex-

### By RALPH KNIGHT

ploding!" wailed Lemuel. "Then, then—" His eyes fell on the ample back of Lena, right beside him, and he stared at it, mesmerized.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Nora McGeever.

"Don't you dare do what you're thinking about!" cried the horrified Judy.

And so Lemuel thought about it and did it. He sighed ecstatically. And with a soaring bound he was on the horse's back.

The horse was amazed, but philosophical. "Look!" shouted the cowboy. "Just one quick little trick!" He clasped his hands behind his head. "Look how I can steer with my knees!"

He clucked, and his knees spoke to the horse, and suddenly Lena

and the cab briskly described a wide, perfect circle in the broad roadway. And when they arrived back at the starting point, there stood Nora right in the horse's path. The girl uttered a cry of dismay and retreated in disorder over the kerb and down the moonpath of the little meadow. And this seemed so droll to Lemuel that he burst out into tremendous laughter, and then his knees spoke again, and lightly over the kerb went Lena and the cab and down the meadowy moonway in playful but terrifying pursuit. Judy shouted, Nora screamed, Lemuel guffawed, and much unseemly sound rent the dignified night.

Meanwhile it came to pass that Patrolman Jeremiah Clancy was strolling contentedly in that very neighborhood. Suddenly he saw a woman being pursued toward him through the moonbeams by a man on a horse to which was affixed a cab on which rode another woman. The brain of Officer Clancy shuddered and turned a handspring. Then it pulled itself together and as the phenomenon thundered into his presence and stopped, he cried out with trembling emotion, "By the excruciating suffering of all the saints of Central Park!"

As the culprits gathered sheepishly on the ground before their captor, Clancy illuminated them with his flashlight and discovered an old friend, "Judy Nesbitt, is that you there?"

"Jerry," introduced the girl, "meet Lemuel Garner and Nora McGeever." "I am not pleased to meet you. Okay, talk, somebody—testify!"

Lemuel stepped one pace forward. "Sir," he testified frankly, "it was all my fault, but yet it wasn't. I'm not hoarawing with liquor. I'm a cow hand from Arizona, and when I got in with this horse I just had to have her between my knees for one harmless little minute or go loco."

"Lemuel was just homesick," said Judy. "We'll be good now, Jerry." The policeman stared, then sighed profoundly. "Ain't it just my luck to turn out to be a cop? Move this beast out of this pasture."

When they were all safely back

in the roadway, Clancy pronounced his sentence. "Pawnee Bill," he addressed Lemuel, "any other coop in the United Nations would wish you right up to the station and hold you for the M.P.s. But on Judy's say-so I simply rule you get out of this park as swift as that animal can move you, and never, never come back. You comprehend?"

"Oh, never?" wailed Lemuel.

"No, never! And now I will put my mind in peace by getting in this cart and giving you a police escort to the nearest vanishing point, which is Seventy-second Street."

It was a funeral one last mile. Lemuel gazed upon the undulating flanks of good old Lena and wanted to cry. But Lemuel was a fighter. And in the end he struggled to save himself. "Nora," he asked, "even if I am kind of going double harness with you, you wouldn't mind if I asked Judy for a date, on account of horses, would you?"

That burned up Nora McGeever to the ultimate crisp. "Get me out of here," she exploded, "before I clip that woman right on the nose!" Then she reached down, took off a sharp-toed slipper, and gave the faithfully plodding, unsuspecting Lena a good swift whack.

The reins fell, and Lena laid back her ears and went into a wrathful gallop.

The first thing that Clancy saw was Lemuel standing precariously, clinging to the breeching strap on Lena's back, reaching away down to snatch up the dragging reins, like a trick rider in a circus.

Around a bend in the road Lemuel brought Lena to a panting stop and everybody got down and stood facing one another in the roadway.

"It was that cat's fault!" Judy pointed furiously at Nora.

Clancy's face was red all over. "Which of these dames," he thundered at Lemuel, "are you mad at, and which are you in love with?"

"Mister, I am riled at Nora. Love with? Why, nobody, so far as I—although—" Lemuel turned and stared at Judy as though he had never seen her before.

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# DANGER IN PARADISE

By  
**OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**

**T**HREE murders with baffling complications occur when radio artist IRIS RANDALL undertakes to deliver a box of cigars to PEDRO HERNANDEZ, and buys what she thinks is a similar box for her admirer, JIMMY DRAKE, sales manager of Carrington Studios.

Victims of the murders are AL BRENNER, night-club proprietor; MARGIE BRETT, telephoneist; and WALLY CARRINGTON, Director of Carrington Studios.

A stranger calling himself CURLY ELLIS tells Jimmy that Margie was murdered by HOWARD LAWTON, Carrington's business manager. Jimmy is further mystified at the attention shown him by glamorous GLORIA SHERMAN, who has taken Margie's place, and by Wally Carrington's sudden interest, just before his death, in Hernandez.

LIEUTENANT MAX GOLD and DAN CROWLEY, in charge of the case, suspect that two criminal gangs are trying to gain possession of the original cigars. Gold finds that the apartment in which Carrington was murdered is rented by a MARY BISHOP, who apparently was friendly with Hernandez, but cannot be located.

Jimmy continues the narrative—

SOME time later, after I got back to the studios, Max Gold came in. He looked harassed. He walked over to where I was standing and said he'd like to talk with me privately. He said, "You can come, too, Miss Randall."

We adjourned to my office. We closed the hall door and Max said, "Did you tell Miss Randall anything?"

I told him I hadn't. So he told Iris everything. She let him finish, but occasionally she made a gesture of bewilderment. When he was through she said, "I can't understand it."

Max laughed harshly. "You can't understand it! Where do you think I am?"

We waited. He said, "I've been with Pedro Hernandez. I was sweet. I was tough. I teased him and I pushed him. And what have I got? Nothing."

He was quite melancholy. Melancholy and angry. He went on:

"I've got a lot of dope that adds up to nothing. I think I got it straight. He's been a keen lad, and he may have been putting something across on me. But I think differently. In the first place, he's got an alibi that can't be touched. As far as being anywhere near that apartment this afternoon, he just simply wasn't. I've double-checked it."

"I asked him about Mary Bishop. He didn't hesitate. He said, sure he knew her. He admitted that they had played house together. He gave me a description of her. It could fit a thousand women. Ten thousand. He swore he didn't know a thing about her except that she was fun to be with. He met her casually at a bar. He was introduced to her by a guy who works here — somebody named Howard Lawton."

Iris and I looked at each other. Gold caught the exchange. He



could low-rate himself all he wanted, but he still wasn't missing a trick. He said, "That means anything to you?"

I said, "We know Lawton. Of course. He doesn't look like the type who would know a woman like Mary Bishop."

"That so? Well, I got round to asking Hernandez about Wally Carrington. Believe it or not, he seemed to be as much in the air as I am. I told him about Wally being murdered in Bishop's apartment. That seemed to come as a shock, which was only natural. Maybe it made him feel uncomfortable—seeing how often he'd been there himself. He claimed that if Mary Bishop knew Wally Carrington, she had never mentioned it to him."

"He says he hasn't heard from Bishop for several days. He hasn't got a picture of her. He helped me search his apartment. He says he doesn't know where she is, and doesn't particularly care. He promised to let me know if she got in touch with him." Max leaned back in his chair and shook his head. "So where am I? I'm here. But I still know nothing."

I said, "Why don't you talk to Howard Lawton?"

"What can I lose? Where is he?"

I said I'd try to find him. I looked up his home number in the studio directory and started twirling the dial of my desk phone. Lawton's voice came back to me almost instantly. I said something important was going on in the studio and it'd be a help if he could come down. He said he would.

He got to the studio fast enough. The minute he walked into the office I knew he had heard something. He jerked his head toward the reception room. He said, "They told me about Wally. That's awful."

Gold said, "It was my suggestion about you being called in, Mr. Lawton. I want to ask you a few questions."

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If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of hemorrhoids (piles), it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid.

This doctor's treatment is internal. By experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of hemorrhoids (piles), then went further and compounded a treatment that would treat the cause.

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On that honourable basis every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid to-day.

VACULOID

"It's too terrible, Jimmy," Iris murmured. "One murder after the other."

"That's quite all right."

"First. What do you know about a woman named Mary Bishop?"

"Who?"

"Mary Bishop."

Lawton did some thinking and then shook his head. He said, "I think I've heard the name somewhere, Lieutenant, but I couldn't say for sure."

"She isn't a friend of yours?"

"No."

"Somebody you knew at this studio, maybe?"

"I can't place her."

"Playgirl, perhaps?"

Lawton showed a hint of irritation. He said, "I don't understand what this is all about, Lieutenant."

"Okay. Keep your shirt on. Wally Carrington was killed in the apartment of a woman named Mary Bishop. In her bedroom was the photograph of a handsome fellow named Pedro Hernandez. I talked to Hernandez. He admitted he was playing round with her. He said you introduced them in a bar."

For a few seconds Lawton looked puzzled. Then he smiled. He said, "Oh! Her?"

"Yes. Her. You remember anything now?"

"I believe I do. I know Hernan-

dez. Not well, but well enough. I have a faint recollection of introducing him to a very attractive girl one day. It was a long time ago."

"Would that be Mary Bishop?"

"I imagine so."

"And you don't remember anything about her?"

"I'm afraid I don't. I meet so many women..."

"What did she look like?"

"I don't reckon I could trust my memory much on that, either, Lieutenant. Probably I'd recognise her if I saw her. I remember the incident only faintly. Hernandez saw her at the bar and got interested. She nodded at me, and I nodded back. Nothing would do but that I must introduce them."

"You haven't seen her since?"

"Not that I remember."

Gold thanked Lawton and said he wouldn't be needing him any more. Lawton got up and said good-night. He was quite calm and impressive.

But I wasn't entirely satisfied. I knew things that Max Gold didn't know, and I found myself wondering whether Howard Lawton had been telling the whole truth.

Please turn to page 19

## SAFE GUARD

against Winter ILLS—



Here's your best defence against winter coughs and colds! By promoting internal warmth and enriching the blood, SAUNDERS' MALT AND VITAMINISED OIL is of great benefit to kiddies and grown-ups alike. Start your family now on this palatable supplementary diet.

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**PROTECTION**

SEE THE NAME



# For the Honor of the Navy



They turned quickly, seeing the stern expression on the newcomer's face.

## A pretty girl proves more than a match for a wily opponent

thought he would have told her that he was going away.

Then one morning three weeks ago she had discovered where Roger was working. She had been called into the Deputy Chief's office. He had sat at his desk fingering a letter.

"Miss Thompson," he had said to break the silence, "Commander Henderson has asked me to send you up to him immediately. Can you go at once?"

"Oh, yes," she had said eagerly. "Henderson is at Gannon Station. You will drive there in your own car this afternoon. Your instructions . . ."

"But I haven't got a car," she cut in.

"Sorry," he said, "I should have started from the beginning. You'd better sit down. My apologies for forgetting."

She sat down opposite him and he reached out for a document. With it in his hands, he leaned back in his chair.

"You are a lady of leisure, Miss Thompson," he had begun. "You are very wealthy, and, of course, you own a most expensive car. You have many maids, but you are only taking one with you. You have been very ill. Miss Thompson," the Deputy went on with-

out noticing her perplexity. "Your doctor has even signed a certificate saying that you need plenty of rest and fresh country air. Gannon Station is very isolated. It's just the kind of place you want."

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot . . . there is a large red brick house on a hill near the station. You have bought it. The district paper has already reported your purchase. Here also is a cheque to pay into an account in your name at the National Bank."

She began to laugh as the full import of these instructions revealed itself to her mind.

The deputy had reached into a drawer of his desk then to pick up another folder. He glanced through a certain document again to check up on whether he had detailed all of them as directed by Commander Henderson.

"Oh, there's one thing more," he had concluded. "You have never met Commander Henderson, but very soon after you get to Gannon the officer in charge of the station will entertain at a small party. You will meet the gallant commander there."

Three days later she recalled she had been invited to that party and had met the gallant commander . . .

But no one at the station or in the district would have guessed that they knew each other.

Instead, the station saw a budding romance and a rather cut-throat race by several officers to win her favors.

The shrill of the telephone snapped her mind back from her memories and her day-dreaming. She got up unwillingly, and returned to the lounge. When she picked up the receiver, she recognised the voice of Lieutenant Jim Fisher asking her whether she was "feeling tops."

"I've got to-night off," he went on. "Would you like to come and have a spot of dinner in town?"

"Sorry, Jim. I'd love to, really. But Roger is coming up to dine with me here."

"Just too, too bad."

There was an embarrassing pause. "Listen," she said, "would you like to pop in for supper about ten?"

"I'd love to."

"Bye," she said then.

She admitted to herself as she replaced the receiver that she liked Jim Fisher. He was such a romantic idiot really. But you had to like his boyish and yet arrogant approach to life. She knew he and Roger disliked each other. But she had never discovered the reason for that

dislike. There were rumors that his mother was German, and that the family had Nazi sympathies before the war, but that surely could have had no foundation, since Jim was an officer in the Navy.

She picked up a novel, but she had read only a dozen or so pages when she heard the noise of a car. She was not expecting anyone. Then, as the car swung into her view, she recognised the driver as Roger.

He entered the lounge briskly.

"Hello, I didn't expect to see you until just before dinner," she said as she gave him her hand.

"I had a few minutes to spare and thought I'd drop in to see you," he replied.

She noticed that he was ill at ease. He was trying to be himself, but he was making an awful mess of it. She divined that he had something to tell her, and had been debating whether he should confide in her now or later.

"Been busy?" she asked, when he lapsed into a mood of silence.

"A little more than usual," he replied.

He got up and crossed to the window. Standing beside him, she saw that the plume of smoke she had noticed earlier on the horizon had materialised into a destroyer. It was no more than a mile out now.

"That's the Henslow," he told her.

"The captain wireless us last night that he would call this evening. She's been up north on special patrol work."

"She's not coming in on the usual course, is she?" Nora asked, when she saw the destroyer swing out to the left.

"Not exactly," he replied.

She watched him focus glasses on the ship and study it carefully for several minutes.

"No, it can't be!" she heard him cry suddenly.

She strained her eyes, trying to discover the reason for his alarm.

Then she saw it, too—a streak of white on the placid water as the torpedo sped toward the destroyer. She saw the ship try desperately to twist away from it. But the twist came too late. A terrific explosion roared across the bay, echoed in the hills behind her. Clouds of smoke enveloped the ship.

She became aware of intense activity amassing the quiet of the late afternoon. Roger was dashing to his car. At the station she noticed men running down the short jetty, jump into the boats, head them at full speed for the sinking destroyer. Sea-plane engines revved up as the machines taxied to take off.

The destroyer was sinking quickly. Members of the crew were diving into the oil-covered water. The sea-planes were over the doomed ship now, circling low. She saw columns of water rise as depth charges were dropped.

Was that something which Roger had felt he could not tell her about connected with this? Obviously the submarine had received help from someone, someone who knew about the Henslow and the layout of the minefields.

The shrill of the telephone made her hurry into the house. For the next ten minutes she listened to Roger's voice. She listened attentively, merely breaking in now and then with a "Yes, I understand." Then the instrument went dead. She realised that Roger had hung up.

"So that is what Roger had wanted to tell me," she mused as she stood motionless beside the instrument.

She closed her eyes in the belief that by doing so she would not see the bitter drama she had been called on to play in a light-hearted manner . . . Roger won't come for dinner . . . Mary must go out . . . alone . . . Details of her orders



"I wouldn't reach for a gun," he said tersely.

ran through her mind again and again . . . But there must be some mistake . . . it couldn't be true . . .

The clock in the hall chimed ten as the front doorbell rang sharply. She went to the porch door, opened it, and smiled at the waiting man. "Where's Roger?" Fisher asked, when he saw that he was not in the lounge.

"He could not come, because of the disaster to the Henslow," she said. "I'd given Mary the evening off, too. So I've been having a very boring evening by myself."

"It's so typical of Roger to leave a damsel in distress, because a ship has gone down," he quipped.

Nora went over to the cocktail bar.

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NORA THOMPSON rose thoughtfully from her chair and walked slowly across to the windows. Down below, sheltered by a tongue of land that ran out into the placid bay, she saw a dozen or so small naval craft and six seaplanes at anchor. To her left were the masts of the Naval Wireless Station, and near them the grey administrative building and quarters.

Out across the bay she noticed now a small plume of smoke. Obviously a ship of some kind. She wondered whether it was passing up or down the coast, or edging in through the minefields to the quiet waters of the bay.

Among the buildings below her

she saw several men hurrying from one building to another.

A half-gay light stole into her eyes, for among the moving men she recognised now the tall figure of Commander Roger Henderson, Chief of the Naval Intelligence Staff.

Her mind ran back over two years. Roger was then Deputy Chief, and she a junior in the Service. She could never recall exactly how she had met him. But one day she found herself working with him on a job. The day had grown into weeks, then months. Then he had disappeared from headquarters.

For nine months she did not see him. She asked many questions about his movements. But no one ever seemed to know. And she was disappointed in him. He had taken her out a great deal, and she



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By...  
**CLARA WALLACE  
OVERTON**

**W**E were waiting for Deborah to-day. Mother and I, when I saw this girl come into the restaurant. She was wearing cornflowers in her hair, and a pale blue dress.

After a moment I realised that this girl was Deborah, my sister. That shows how changed Deborah is. I mean, she used to wear a suit and a strict sort of hat, when she came into town to do some shopping. But that was before this telephone call two weeks ago.

This call was not from Bob Wylie. This was a surprise to all of us, as we thought, then, that if a man was ringing Deborah up he must be Bob. But after that call we have had nothing but surprises about Deborah.

It was two weeks ago that Richard Harrison came for the first time. Deborah was at the window, knitting. And Paula was there, too, because her days to help at the hospital are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. As near as I can find out, Paula doesn't do much but wash people's faces before supper, and help bring in their trays. But she says it is quite exciting, and she loves it. Paula even makes knitting look exciting. Deborah knits more quietly, and it is all very smooth. She does everything like that. Mother often says how different we four are, but I should say that Deborah is the most different.

Well, Mother was just asking us what we could have for dinner when the telephone rang, and right away we heard the telephone table fall, so we knew it was answering the telephone. A moment after we'd heard the table drop it called out, "It's a man—for Deborah—"

When Deborah went to answer the telephone, Paula said it must be Bob calling. Mother said she was positive it was Bob, because she'd seen Bob's mother to-day and she had said she expected Bob home any day, and Bob was going to enlist in something, although he was reserved.

We could just hear Deborah's voice now and then, but none of her conversation, because the telephone is half-way up the stairs, on a landing. As Paula says, this is very inconvenient to answer unless you are the type who spends a lifetime dusting the stairs. Paula is not, and most of the telephone calls are for her. But none of these friends of hers rang up Deborah, and I think Mother worried about the situation.

I heard her talking it over with Paula that day.

"You wait and see, Paula — it isn't always the most popular girls who marry first. Deborah will have her day. I know that Bob admires Deborah very greatly. He always comes to call on her when he is at home, and I think it very interesting that he telephoned to say goodbye this last time."

"But I take a very dim view of that getting anywhere," said Paula. "They have all these intelligent conversations about books, but where do they get to? He must be reading Deborah a book now," said Paula, after Deborah had been at the telephone quite a while.

"Please don't ridicule Bob—he's going to war and I am sure De-

borah feels a little sad about it," said Mother.

Paula admitted Bob was splendid in his way and said maybe we should all go to the cinema if he was coming to-night. Mother said she felt exactly like going to the cinema this evening, and we were looking up what was on, when Deborah came back and took up her knitting.

"How is Bob?" said Mother, after a moment in which Deborah said nothing.

Now she looked up and talked rather quickly. "That wasn't Bob. Richard Harrison is here on business. He arrived this morning. He says it is quite warm in town."

This was quite a lot of information for Deborah to give out all at once.

"That poor man," said Mother. "Isn't this his first trip here without Marion? He must miss her so dreadfully." Marion had been Deborah's friend at school, and, although Mother had never met Richard Harrison, she said she knew just how it was to be left with young children to bring up alone. She wanted to know where Judy and John were now.

"They are with Richard's parents," Deborah said.

Suddenly there was a shattering loud noise in the kitchen, as if tins and pans were falling out of the cupboard. "Di must be looking for biscuits," said Mother. "I simply can't keep them on hand for her—they're so hard to find now. Please look

for some when you come back from school, Kitty."

"Deborah and I are going in to do some shopping," said Paula. "We'll look, too."

"I don't believe I can go with you," said Deborah. "Richard has some pictures of his children with him, and he's bringing them out here for us to see."

"I think that's very kind of him," said Mother.

Joan Holbrook came for me then, and we went out together. We had a nice walk and a gossip with some friends we met. On my way back, I remembered that Mother wanted me to get biscuits, so I went along the High Street, and there were Mother and Paula at a fruit shop looking at strawberries.

"Is the vicar coming to dinner again?" I asked Paula.

"No. But Mother thinks we should ask Dick Harrison to stay."

"Is he here now?"

"He came just as Mother and I were leaving the house. He brought some roses for Mother."

"Do we call him Dick?"

"I think that suits him better than Richard," said Paula.

I could see what Paula meant when we got home. In the first place he was not very tall, just about

as tall as Deborah is. He had brown, crinkly hair and a wide tanned face, with quick, good-natured blue eyes. He was nice. I could see that at once. And he was easy to talk to. Pretty soon he was not a stranger at all, but someone we had known for years, and we were all laughing and talking, and looking at the pictures of Judy and John. I must say everywhere the Harrisons lived looked very comfortable, and fun, too. Mother said they were precious-looking children.

"Noisy as a couple of block-busters, though," said Dick.

By that time I was thinking of him as Dick, although Deborah called him Richard. She left us for a little while, and when she came back she was wearing her tan spring suit and a hat, the hat that Paula says goes with church. It made Deborah look sweet, but older than she really is. Dick had explained to Mother that he had persuaded Deborah to go out to dinner with him.

I thought that Mother might be disappointed, since she had bought all this food, but she seemed very cheerful about Deborah going out. We had everything Mother had bought for Dick, and it was like a little party.

"I think we shall all go to the

# THIS IS DEBORAH'S DAY



He took Deborah in his arms, not even seeing  
Kitty and her mother.

cinema," said Mother over the strawberries.

We had a lovely time, and it was a long programme, so that when we reached home finally it was nearly midnight. Deborah was already home, and Mother went right up to see her.

As a rule Mother and Deborah have bedtime talks while Deborah is creaming her face. She wears a tan robe for this, and pushes her hair right back. I expected to see her looking like that when I followed Mother and Paula upstairs to Deborah's room. But she was still wearing her best blouse, although she was sitting in front of her dressing-table trying to do her hair a different way.

"I saw so many girls with their hair up," she said. "Do you think I could wear it that way?"

Paula said certainly she could, and took immediate charge of that with a brush and little combs and pins, while Mother and I watched. Also Mother had Deborah tell her about the dinner. Deborah said it was all very pleasant.

It seemed that she was meeting Dick for luncheon next day.

There was a letter for Deborah next morning. It was Bob's handwriting, so I stood it straight up against the lamp on the hall table where Deborah would see it as soon as she came from the dress shop. She and Paula had gone out early to buy a dress, and Mother kept saying that she was glad Paula was with her, because Paula had such a wonderful clothes sense, and there were times when the right things to wear can change a girl's entire life.

"You like Richard very much, don't you, Mother?"

"Very much. He is agreeable and thoughtful, as well as a very capable business man. I like his directness, too."

Just then the doorbell rang. There was an elderly messenger waiting, and he handed me a flower-box with orchids in it. From long experience in taking in orchids at our front door, I concluded they must be for Paula, but I saw that they were for Miss Deborah Marshall. And just about then Deborah and Paula came home with two dresses, and Mother came to see what was going on, and everyone began to talk about the orchids. I could see then how direct Dick's methods were.

"Dick is a darling," said Paula, trying the orchids on herself and then trying them on Deborah. Then Deborah tried on two new dresses, which made her look very young and pretty.

The next few days went along very fast at our house. The telephone rang every morning, and it was Dick for Deborah.

One night I happened to wake and heard Paula talking and laughing in Deborah's room. Then Mother spoke to them. "It's time you girls went to bed. Paula—do you know what time it is?—it's three o'clock and Deborah needs her sleep—"

"She's been sleeping all her life until now," said Paula. "Besides, I'm too excited to go to bed until this is settled."

Please turn to page 23

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# London knew the A.I.F. was there!



A.I.F. ex-prisoners talk with the Duchess of Kent when she visited a Red Cross hotel where they were staying, during their visit to London before being repatriated to Australia.



HAPPY DIGGER carries a flag through the streets of London to celebrate his freedom.

## Released prisoners bought everything from a barrel organ to an unborn pup

Radioed from London by BILL STRUTTON

London's commissionaires, doorkeepers, and waiters are still slightly dazed from the impact of five thousand Aussie ex-prisoners on leave, who stormed the capital for a few weeks and vanished homeward as suddenly as they had appeared.

A wave of gaiety and spending that made even spree-weary Londoners look up and goggle marked their appearance.

THE sight of the cocked hat was soon sufficient to make war-hardened doormen stiffen and say "Sir," taxi-drivers jam on their brakes and uherettes spring up the theatre aisles.

Jewellers, fruit vendors, florists, camera shops, West End outfitters, bars, night-clubs, theatres, Soho eating-houses, racecourses, taxis, street musicians, car dealers and bookshops all benefited from the Australian invasion.

In Covent Garden, Diggers teamed up with R.A.A.F. boys, bought a barrel organ, stock, and barrel, and invited Londoners to join in for a street dance.

To entertain the crowd that gathered they hired theatre buskers from nearby theatre queues for an impromptu cabaret.

There was a big surprise for them,

and many whoops, when they discovered among the performers hired an ex-prisoner from their old stalag.

He had often put on his act for the boys in Germany, with spoons, acrobatics, and escapology, and was now back in his old profession.

The same men who in captivity had hooked their watches for two or three leaves of bread were now paying London jewellers upwards of £35 for new ones.

Prices paid for articles like cameras touched close to the realm of big business.

A corporal from South Australia paid £185 for a Contax camera—almost double its prewar price. Another turned up the price tag on a Leica in a London shop—£91.

For the same model in Germany occupation troops were paying 200 cigarettes and less.

Second-hand car prices made a

fantastic comparison with normal peace-time values, but at least one Australian had his revenge and recouped his leave expenses.

He bought a car for £140, drove to all the places he planned to see, sold it at the end of his leave for £250, and sailed home.

A red-headed Sydney sergeant did not display as much acumen when he hired a taxi for the duration of his leave, handed the driver a bunch of notes, and said: "Sing out when that runs out," then added: "My feet hurt."

He had just come from a forced march along German autobahns. The result was that, with other expenses in luxurious vein, his leave cost him £900 sterling.

An evening's fun wasn't so funny when reckoned in cold cash. Drinks in bars and night-clubs sent bills soaring, with sherry averaging 5/-, a glass of whisky 4/-, beer 1/6 and 2/-.

Despite price controls stipulating maximum charge of 5/- per man in any restaurant, the price of a meal in a good restaurant would average £5 for two people. Extras were made up of house charge, drinks, and tips.

For the price of an evening's enter-

tainment a typical example is that of the Australian ex-prisoner who wanted to return hospitality to an English family and took them out to a theatre and dinner and on to a night club. The outing cost him £42.

He made a diary entry of his expenses: Theatre, £2/18/-; dinner, £10/-; spray of orchids for mother £3/3/-; extra-special spray for daughter, £4/4/-; four rounds of drinks, £5/-; one bottle of sherry, £5/-; hire of cars, £4/-; tips, programmes, soda, etc., £3/10/-; total, £42.

During the Australians' stay in London one A.I.F. pay office near the Old Bailey paid out £35,000 weekly.

When the office opened in the morning, a long queue of waiting taxis unloaded weary, financially embarrassed Diggers.

Some of them had been waiting since the small hours, together with their creditors, to foot bills they had run up.

Coming straight from prison camps and finding fabulous prices everywhere, the bewildered soldiers had no idea of the value of the money they were drawing.

One man in the pay queue would think for a while, make up his mind, and say: "I'll have £85." Three or four behind him would copy him and order the same amount.

Another announced that he was

going to Scotland for the week-end and wanted £150. But he was followed by a diminutive private who confided he was leaving for a week's holiday in Cornwall, and did they think £5 would be enough?

The biggest shock came to the pay staff when an Aussie came in, slapped a wad containing £200 on the counter, and said triumphantly: "Pay that into my account."

The staff recovered sufficiently from the shock to congratulate him on such a strange but commendable request, and under the pressure of rubbernecks in the queue he explained he had "had a little flutter on the dogs."

Racecourses and dog-tracks were particularly favored.

A Digger greyhound fancier paid £500 for an unborn pup, left £200 to bet on its mother in her next race at White City, then left in a hurry for Australia when he received a cable that his mother was ill.

When transport difficulties and quarantine restrictions can be surmounted, he hopes the yet-to-be-born pup will follow him out. It may be years.

The greatest craving of hungry expatriates was for fruit. Here luxury fruiterers did excellent business, with midget peaches about the size of a nectarine fetching 7/6 each.

They bought grapes at £2/2/- a pound, and small canteloupes at £3 each. Though strawberries grow in quantity in England, they are reserved by small-time retailers for regular customers, and once again Australians had to resort to the luxury market.

The only fruit available to them cheaply and in quantity was cherries. Of other eatables, prawns, too, were expensive by our standards, and cost 8d. each; lobsters averaged 15/- each.

As for flowers, they bought orchids at one guinea each or three guineas for a small spray, arum lilies for 5/- or 7/6 each. A single carnation cost 7/6.

All these prices quoted are in pounds sterling. To find what leave really cost we add the usual 25 per cent. exchange.

Pay officialdom looked at the heavily scarred paybooks, scratched its head, and clamped down on this delicious expenditure. An order was issued limiting drawings to £10, except in special circumstances.

This did not happen, however, before a soldier marched up to the pay office, drew £150 sterling, stuffed the notes in a side pocket, and marched away. He had forgotten that the previous night he had put a lighted pipe in his pocket. It burned a big hole.

He only remembered that when an honest citizen drew his attention to banknotes spiralling away behind him in the breeze.

## Australian girl in Norwegian crew

By MARGOT STREETER

When the Norwegian merchant ship Tiradentes pulled into Brisbane recently, out of the welter of Norwegian accents came this typically Australian remark: "Gee, it's good to be home!"

SPEAKER was the ship's stewardess, Thelma Nergard, wife of the second-officer on board. A former Melbourne girl, Thelma is the only Australian in the crew.

Two years ago—then Thelma Thompson, of St. Kilda, Melbourne—she was working in an aircraft production plant.

But fate had a far more exciting life in store for her. In her attractive cabin on board, Thelma told me her story.

This is how it happened: When visiting a friend in a Melbourne hospital five years ago, Thelma was introduced to a man in the next bed, a Norwegian named Alfred Nergard, crew member of a Norwegian tanker. He was recuperating from a minor operation.

They didn't see each other again for three years, when they met quite accidentally at a party in Sydney, where Thelma was holidaying and Alfred was on leave after his ship

had been torpedoed.

Their friendship developed into a romance, and in August, 1943, they were married in Sydney.

Two weeks later Alfred sailed for England and his ship was again torpedoed off the South African coast.

After several conflicting cables, Thelma finally received word that he was safe in Durban and immediately signed as a stewardess on another Norwegian ship, the Troja, headed for Durban via Portuguese East Africa.

"But fate was really against us," Thelma told me. "I arrived in Durban to find I'd missed my husband by three days. The only thing to do was to return to Australia, so I rejoined the Troja with that idea in mind."

However, when the ship reached Biera in Portuguese East Africa, she caught malaria, went into hospital, missed the ship and was stranded there for six months.

She arrived back in Sydney on



SECOND-OFFICER and MRS. ALFRED NERGARD, members of the crew of the Tiradentes.

her first wedding anniversary—having seen her husband for only two weeks of that year. Alfred Nergard turned up two months later.

"I decided to end this chase all over the world there and then, so I had Thelma signed on the Tiradentes as a stewardess," he said.

Captain Lief Anker Hansen, skipper of the Tiradentes, remarked: "This is the first time I've had a married couple in my crew—but after seeing what Nergard went through for that first year I decided to allow it."

Life really began for the young couple when they sailed from Sydney in December of last year. They went to New York via Panama, on to London, and back to New York.

Now, back in Australia after seven months' duty aboard the Tiradentes, Thelma speaks Norwegian and has grown very like her husband's people in her outlook and ways.

The Nergards hope their next trip will take them back to Norway. News of its liberation reached them in mid-Pacific, but as yet Second-Officer Nergard has had no word from his family, who lived in Bjarkoy—a town in the northern part of the country.

Postwar, they hope to realise the dream of every sailor. By then they will have had enough of roaming and they want to buy a chicken farm in New South Wales and settle down to a peaceful life on the land.



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726687>





**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Bruce Ferguson, of Cooma, and his bride, who was Mabel Hagedorn, formerly of Singapore and Dorchester, England, cut cake at reception at Hampton Court following ceremony at Shore Chapel.



**NEWLYWEDS.** Flying-Officer Keith Kierner, R.A.A.F., of Victoria, and bride, formerly Sergeant Joy Walklate, wrap up warmly for stroll in Hyde Park.



**ADMIRING NEW GRANDCHILD.** Mrs. H. V. Evatt, wife of Australian Minister for External Affairs, is greeted by her son, Lieut. Peter Evatt, and Mrs. Evatt, with their baby daughter, Christine, who meets her grandmother for first time.



**ENGAGED.** "Ronnie" Williams and Squadron-Leader Monte Cotton, snapped before couple leave for Broken Hill, where they visit Monte's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Carrington Cotton. "Ronnie" is twin daughter of singer Harold Williams.

## On and off DUTY.

ALL sorts of interesting news brought home by Mrs. H. V. Evatt when she returns to Sydney with her husband, Dr. Evatt, our Australian Minister for External Affairs, from San Francisco United Nations Conference.

"When we were in London, the King and Queen entertained all visiting delegates. Princess Elizabeth, who is now in the A.T.S., drove her military truck into London for the first time—smartly drawing up at the doorway of Buckingham Palace to attend the party," said Mrs. Evatt when I chatted to her.

**CONFERENCE** in San Francisco, Mrs. Evatt attended nearly all the sessions, as well as giving many lectures herself about Australia to local women's organizations.

**SUMMING UP** her trip abroad, Mrs. Evatt shyly said: "I think my husband did a good job."

**DESPITE** her busy time, however, she managed to collect lots of interesting stamps for her teen-age daughter, Rosalind, who is a keen philatelist. Delegates from other countries were only too willing to strip stamps from their important dispatches for charming Mrs. Evatt. Also tucked in her luggage was a pale pink carrying-wrap—a gift for her new grandchild, Christine.

**DASHING** Major Tony Shepherd entertains Mrs. John Fairfax and Rita Swan to dine and dance at Prince's—on different evenings, of course.

**NEW CLUB MEMBERS.** Wines and Rancees of British Servicemen, Francis Moore (left), Bettie Pollock, Dorcas Walker, Rita Beevis, Mrs. J. Dickinson, Peter Clark and his mother, Mrs. R. Clark, Mrs. A. Trendell, Mrs. M. Fuller, Betty Snape, meet together at afternoon tea at David Jones' to discuss new club just formed.

**THOUGHT** I'd made a mistake and wandered into British officers' mess the other night when I dropped in to Julie's for dinner. So many uniforms dotted round. When I saw the sizzling plates of ye olde beef of Olde England complete with Yorkshire pudding being served, I guessed the reason for so many of our English visitors. Glimpsed Pam Manners looking cosy on the cold night in a warm rust coat escorted by two handsome officers.

**BUSY** days for the Duchess of Gloucester. Engagement after engagement piles up on her appointment book, and I'm sure that all the business girls who attended the 15th annual dinner of the Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set felt that the Duchess was as "hard-working a business woman" as themselves. The Younger Set, by the way, capped their last year's figure of £2900 by handing a cheque in for £3250.

**COULDN'T** help wondering who the lucky lady was when I saw Sir Ernest MacMillan earnestly choosing lovely orchid.

**STUDENTS** of S.O.E.G.S. are settling down to work again after their week of jubilee celebrations—all of which were a great success. Old Girls of the school were well to the fore at the buffet tea and conversation, where headmistress Miss D. Wilkinson greeted guest after guest as they entered the gym. "The evening was filled with girls saying, 'Do you remember' to me," said Miss Wilkinson when I talked to her.

**Old Girls' Dance** at White City was such a success that another dance has been arranged for October 8 at the Sydney Town Hall. It will be called the Jubilee Ball, and all Old Girls and their friends are invited.

**CHEERY** party when the Civilian Girls' Rest and Tea Room which is run by Girls' Friendly Society holds its second birthday. Mrs. W. H. W. Stevenson, wife of the Bishop of Grafton, cut the birthday cake, which had been made for the occasion by Marjorie Mottram.

*joyce*



**PHOTO FROM INDIA.** Major Gordon Hartman, Indian Army, with Mrs. Hartman and son, Michael John, at baby's christening at Bombay. Mrs. Hartman, who was formerly Marie Noonan, of Orange and Sydney, will return to Sydney soon.

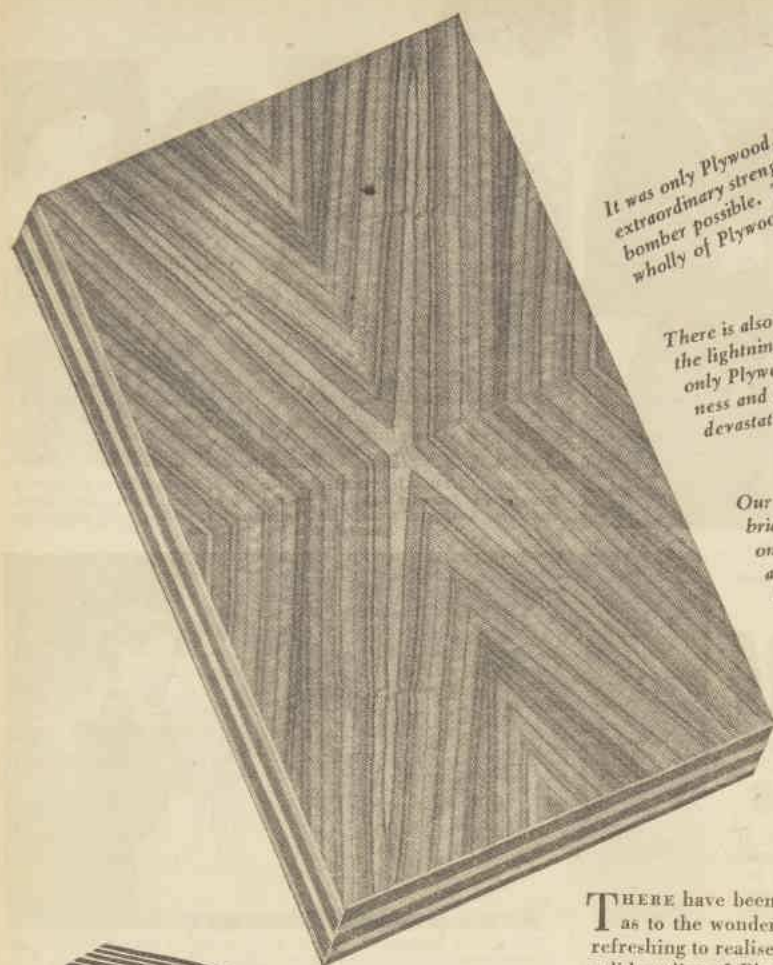


**CUTTING THE CAKE.** Captain Bill Henderson, A.I.F., of Parkes, and his bride, formerly Catherine Russ, cut their wedding cake at reception at Pickwick Club following ceremony at Shore Chapel. Bride is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Russ, Trangle.

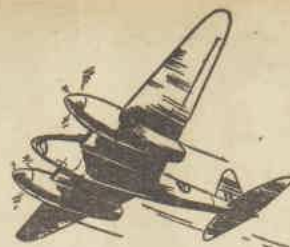


**DOUBLE CELEBRATION.** First-year wedding celebration for Ken Stewart (left), who parties at Prince's with his wife, Mavis, and her brother and sister-in-law, Ron and Peggy Millard. Ron has just returned home after more than four years overseas with R.A.A.F.





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# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

EARLY August can produce a good deal of happiness and good fortune for many people, notably Leonians, but Sagittarians and Arians will have many opportunities too.

Geminians and Librans will find their problems easing, and will have modest gains.

For most Scorpions and Taurians, however, this will be a period of queer obstacles and upsets until August 23. Aquarians are likely to encounter separations, opposition, loss, and discord unless they are wise and patient.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): A good time to be aggressive and enterprising, but not immoderately so. Guard health and finances, and dodge deception and loss. July 31 excellent. Aug. 3 (except forenoon) good. Aug. 7 (round mid-day and after 3 p.m.), very good.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21 to May 22): Live cautiously; difficulties likely, especially on July 31 (evening), Aug. 1, 2, 4, 5 (early), 6, and 7. Avoid changes and arguments.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Very fair opportunities now, so plan well and work hard. July 31 Aug. 3 (afternoon), and Aug. 7 (midday and after 3 p.m.) all helpful.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Avoid over-confidence. Big changes now. Aug. 1, 2, 3 (afternoon), Aug. 5 (from 10 a.m. to noon), and Aug. 6 (after 5 p.m.) all safe.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Good results can follow wise enterprise now. July 31 (day) good. Aug. 3 (afternoon) good. Aug. 7 (forenoon and from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) poor, but balance very good.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): July 31 fair. Aug. 1 (evening), Aug. 6 (from 10 a.m. to noon), and Aug. 6 (midnight) helpful.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Things improve somewhat, but stay realistic. July 31 and Aug. 4, 5, and 8 poor. Aug. 3 (afternoon), Aug. 4 (forenoon), and Aug. 5 (midday and after 3 p.m.) helpful.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware obstacles, worries, upsets, changes, and discord now. Go slowly. Routine best, especially on July 31 (evening) and Aug. 1 to 7.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Speed up activities, but be cautious. July 31 and Aug. 7 (midday hours and after 3 p.m.) excellent. Aug. 2 (noon to 4 p.m.) and 8 (late evening) good.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): July 31 and Aug. 4, 5, and 6 slightly difficult. July 31 (evening), Aug. 1 (evening), and Aug. 3 (afternoon) fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware pitfalls. Losses, partings, disappointments, unwanted changes likely, especially on July 31 (evening), Aug. 1, 2, 4, 5 (early), 6, and 7.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Stick to routine. Aug. 2 and 4 tricky. Aug. 5 (from 10 a.m. to noon) or Aug. 6 (late evening) fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

## Animal Antics



"Need any blood transfusions to-day, lady?"



# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key,  
isle of walking dead (Kordies), by  
BARON KORD: Whom Narda agreed to wed if  
he freed Mandrake.  
TRINA: Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake and Lothar pretend to be Kordies.  
Kord, thinking Mandrake harmless, shows him  
the sacks of salt-like powder which he adds  
to the drinking-water of his victims, turning  
them into Kordies, and boasts of his dream of  
conquering the world.  
NOW READ ON:



EVIDENTLY, ONE DOSE OF THE FORMULA IN WATER DOESN'T ACT PERMANENTLY.



TO KEEP THESE PEOPLE HELPLESS, MINDLESS SLAVES--BARON KORD MUST CONTINUE TO GIVE THE POWDER! I SEE NOW WHAT MUST BE DONE--



NO--DON'T DRINK THAT WATER, LOTHAR! KORD HAS A SECRET FORMULA, A POWDER--THAT HE PUTS INTO THE WATER. THIS TURNS MEN INTO KORDIES.



EVIDENTLY--ONE "DOSE" ISN'T PERMANENT. SO KORD MUST CONTINUE PUTTING THE POWDER INTO THE DRINKING WATER! I HAVE A PLAN--TO FREE THE KORDIES--BUT WE MUST WORK FAST!



HOW US GOING GET OUT OF THIS CORRAL?



LET'S GO OVER TO THE GATE WHERE THE GUARD IS.



WHAT IS MANDRAKE'S PLAN?



WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU CRAZY KORDIES? SHUT UP! OR I'LL COME IN THERE AND--



MEOW MEOW



MEOW



WHAT--THE--



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SITTING HERE WITH THE GATE OPEN? YOU WANT THE KORDIES TO GET OUT?



TWO OF 'EM WAS STANDIN' THERE--GOING MEOW--LIKE CATS! THEN--THEY TURNED INTO CATS--AS BIG AS HORSES--



--AND THEY WENT GALLOPING AWAY!



YOU'RE DRUNK.



I THINK WE'LL FIND SOME SALT HERE.



SALT? WHAT FOR?



WHAT US GOING DO WITH THIS SALT?



WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERS THAT WE'VE ESCAPED FROM THE KORDIE CORRAL.



THEY ENTER KORD'S HOUSE SILENTLY



BARREL HEAVY.



TO BE CONTINUED!



*Fascinating...  
when you make  
the most of yourself*



You will look your most fascinating and adorable self in HIS admiring eyes — when you "play-up" your own natural loveliness with Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

It's for *you*, to make the most of yourself.

Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder gives the *loveliest* silken finish to your skin. It is so soft and fine-textured, it goes on like a dream—and stays on flower fresh for hours.

In four complexion-toning shades: Rachel, Suntan, Rose Brunette and Natural.

Small Size, price 1/8;

Large Size (almost double quantity), price 2/10.

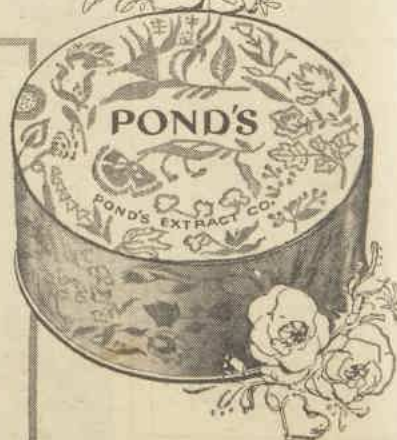
*Use with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams*

  
**DREAMFLOWER  
FACE POWDER**



*Make-up trick  
to make you  
lovelier*

Here's the "drill" for putting on your face powder smoothly. Never start by powdering your nose. Never rub powder in hard! Instead, dust the powder **LIGHTLY** all over your skin from the throat to the hair line. Then **GENTLY** smooth the edge of the puff down over the face, especially round the eyes and the base of the nose.





# Borneo oil-blast flaps iron like paper

Soldiers in the West Borneo landing slept close to great oil fires lit by the enemy, and the fierce light from the fires made their guard duty simple.

They could not look at the flames, as the light was so intense.

**T**O-NIGHT we are listening to the roar of oil fires," writes Gnr. J. E. Olley to his mother, Mrs. M. Olley, of Harris Park, N.S.W.

"The Japs fired a number of oil wells in the town. There are four within 150 yards of our quarters.

"Each well consists of one pipe projecting from the ground. Flames shoot up from the pipes with terrific force to about 100ft.

"It is too hot to go nearer than 60 yards from the fire, and the heat of the flame is so intense that it is white and blinding, and you cannot look at it.

"The force of the flames is so great that an iron roof on a tower 80ft. high is flapping up and down like a sheet of paper.

"Huge columns of black smoke are rising thousands of feet, and practically the whole of the sky is one black mass.

"Even the water has not escaped.

"Every river and the sea for miles round is a dirty dark brown, and very oily.

"One thing, I will be able to see plainly anyone approaching during my picket in the early hours of the morning.

"We are having a rest after being continuously on the move ever since we landed. It is not so much the men who need a rest; but the equipment needs maintenance.

"When we landed in Western Borneo a party of Malays met us. The leader was an old man who proudly produced photos of the King and Queen of England.

"He had buried them when the Japs arrived, and only dug them up when we came ashore."

**Tpr. R. E. Butterworth, with a commando squadron in Borneo, to his father, Mr. E. S. Butterworth, 16 Park Ave., Concord, N.S.W.:**

"**Y**ESTERDAY we came in for a rest after 14 days' continuous fighting. You should have seen us after not having a wash, shave, or change of clothes, and sleeping in wet clothes in the mud for a fortnight.

"We have been doing a fair bit of scrapping. One day the Japs counter-attacked and were stopped only a few feet from our trench. Our Bren-gunner did a great job, standing up in the pit and firing his Bren gun from the hip, although it was struck by machine-gun bullets.

"He was killed a few days later, in the same attack in which Derrick, V.C., lost his life.

"First we know of the Japs when on patrol is a rifle-shot 20 yards

away; but we have it all over them with our Owens.

"We attracted attention from the natives with our seven days' growth on our faces. One said, 'Rampui muka bagus,' which means, 'Hair belong face excellent.'"

**Sig. W. F. Schrader, Tarakan, to his wife at 94 Cremorne St., Unley, S.A.:**

"**O**NE night I woke my mate, apparently with a kick, and said, 'There is someone out there, a Nip, I think.'"

"He sneaked out with his Owen gun, expecting the worst. After waiting five minutes he came back and said: 'Are you sure you can see anything?'"

"Receiving no reply, he looked under my net to see if I had gone out. Imagine his dismay to find me snoring.

"Guess I am getting them badly, even dreaming about the Nips."



**R.A.A.F. MEN on Noemfoor Island.** Sitting in the front row (centre) is LAC E. R. Henrys, who is now in Borneo, and sent the photo from there to his mother, Mrs. L. Henrys, 82 Falconer St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

**Pte. J. Cahill, Bougainville, to Mrs. Lillian White, The Bungallow, Belgrave Heights, Vic.:**

"**O**N this island there is a tree known as the million-dollar tree. It cost the Yanks one million dollars worth of equipment to do away with opposition in this tree.

"It was hollow, and apparently connected by underground passages to the main Jap body. Just as soon as the Yanks killed the occupants, their place was taken by fresh sons of Nippon."

**THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.**

**For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2/-.** For shorter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



**AWARDED THE D.S.M. for distinguished service in H.M.A.S. Australia in the Lingayen Gulf action, A.B. John Clarke joined the R.A.N. in 1940 when 17 years old. Sent by Mrs. C. Dillon, 17 Middle St., West End, Brisbane.**

## Midsummer Night's Nightmare

Continued from page 3

**"O**H, shut up!" burst in the policeman. "Get inside ... Judy, correction on destination. Drive to the Arsenal Station." Then he re-sentenced Lemuel, "Cavalryman, you are about to make the acquaintance of the military police!"

At that, Lemuel realised that he must work quickly.

"Look, Judy," he said, "I have never been in love with anything but a horse, but now, the numb way I feel, I think—Judy, can I call at your house on Sunday night?"

"Will they give furloughs from prison?"

"Oh, my gee, I forgot! Then, somehow—Oh, Judy, listen, please. I reckon it's pretty early after we made acquaintance, but if I can't see you any more after a few minutes, I just got to tell you. Can we start thinking we might fall in love and we then might decide to get married—some year after a while, maybe?"

Judy answered in a whisper, "Lemuel, I'm—I'm certainly very much obliged indeed. But—She looked at him straight. "Part the time to-night I liked you and the rest of the time I thought you were the crassest man there is. I certainly am not falling in love after one hour of this. And as for thinking about getting married—" Suddenly she held out her hand. "Good-bye, Lem. I wish you the best luck possible in the war. When we come to some trees, jump off quiet. Clancy, he'll just have a spasm and we'll all go home."

Lemuel looked straight ahead of him. For quite a while he looked without seeing anything. Later, he gradually began to see what he was looking at. The horse. Good old Lena. "Okay," he said dully. "You feel that way, I'll jump. I want to say good-bye to Lena. Can I just hold the reins in my hands?"

Judy passed them to him compassionately and hopped inside.

"But," she spoke softly out loud to the horse as he got into his seat, "this isn't how to say good-bye to a cow hand, just pattering along. Can't we say it with a little wind in our hair? One last little good-bye wind?"

It was the words he sent through the reins with his fingers that Lena really understood. Her ears flat-

tened back. She gathered up her muscles and organised her feet. She began to run fast. Then very fast. Away they all rocketed through the shimmering moonshine.

Then out of the night ahead of them loomed a silky black lake.

"Yow!" yelled the Western man into the teeth of the whistling wind. "Over the creek with you, Lena lady! Ford the wash!"

What sweet oneness of driving it was! The deft speed hesitation took them over the little kerb with scarcely a jar. Then down the slope they scudded and out into the little waterway. Up sideways plied the water. But then down it flattened again, as deep as Lena's knees. For suddenly Lena had stopped, right in the middle of the little bay.

Nora McGeever gave forth two piercing screams. She added, "Accident! Police!"

"Oh, jump!" Judy implored Lemuel through the speaking door. "Wade! Run! It's your last chance!"

Lemuel said, "I'll jump, and I can out-lope him easy. Give me your phone number."

"Look," the girl said, "I want you to go simply because I don't want you to get arrested. But sitting here looking at this lake, I think you are as crazy as a lunatic. In other words, no!"

"Then," announced Lemuel, "I will sit right here till you say yes! Lena has froze, like a horse in a burning barn, and let nobody can budge her till I talk to her. Oh, don't you see there's nothing to go away for, if I can't have you to come back for, Judy, dear?"

Clancy licked his lips. He wagged his head. "I cannot—I cannot mentally stand this man's torture one minute—"

Then through the night came a cry, "Aho! there! Who sent the S.O.S.?" And out of the gloom of the open lake came a rowboat with a sailor bending mightily at the oars. "Holy Nimitz!" marvelled the sailor, spying what was arrayed before him. "A sunk hack! Chee, a head on top of it!"

Clancy thrust his head out of a

window. "Jack," said he, "this is a runaway horse, see, and I have got everything entirely under control, except this horse is water-happy, and has tightened up. Now—you know anything about horses?"

"Oh, sure," said the tar. "Well, let's see. How's if I get out by her bow and tow her ashore?"

"Anything!" co-operated the policeman. "Anything!"

The sailor manoeuvred his craft in front of the rigid horse, tied the stern painter to Lena's breastband, churned his oars—and nothing budged.

"I might as well cast off," he gave up. "She's fast around. Leave her for the Seabees. I'll warp alongside and take off the crew."

"And that," applauded the policeman, with suddenly ominous serenity, "is my idea, too. Jack, your ship is hereby commandeered. First thing, you row me and this soldier up the coast to where there's a phone box I got to do some phoning in."

Then topside on the foredeck Judy surrendered. After all, what more could a boy do to earn a telephone number. She called aloud the number.

"Now, my Judy"—the boy leaped into glorious action—"I will run



"Oh, good! You hit it!"

away from you. But first I'll put you out of this trouble."

He snatched the reins, spoke softly, and Lena plodded trustingly through the water, up the little bank, out on the road.

But Jeremiah Clancy knew his stuff. When Lemuel leaped to the ground, he leaped straight into the policeman's iron arms. There was a click, and a handcuff was on his wrist. And when Judy leaped down there was another click, and the other half of the handcuff was on her wrist.

"Let no man put asunder," the policeman blessed them. "Judy, I'll let you off later. First you'll keep this undisciplined criminal from running away. You two get inside the hack. . . . Other woman"—he turned on Nora—"either I or you has got to drive this horse. Frankly, I never even been in a horse room. But I am brave and daring. Have you got any horsemanship?"

"In this case," pronounced the other woman with passionate finality, "while I certainly assure you I never walked home from a ride in all my born days, this one I do!"

At this juncture, the sailor, having beached his boat, also joined them, and there was a sudden alertness in his demeanour. "Look, mates, what's this about some female walking home?"

"W-e-l-l," murmured Nora, inspecting this debonaire young warrior, "I must say I was real rude not to of thanked you kindly for paddling to me the split second I hollered in trouble."

"Pooh, avast, nothing to it!" scoffed the hero. "Now, look, this subtle butt about walking—how's for you pinning yourself up in my boat down there and we go have a gander at what this Central Park ocean is really all about? Anchors aweigh?"

"Well, well, well! Things are beginning to clear up!" exclaimed the policeman.

For not very long did Nora McGeever hesitate. She took the blue-clad arm, and marched off.

"And now," said the policeman, climbing up on the cab, "to horse, Clancy! It can't be any worse than driving the old Model T."

**S**o a boy and a girl, bound together with steel which was rigid assurance they would soon be far apart, rode on through Central Park. And oh, how miserable they were!

All at once Clancy flung open the speaking door and hollered down in a frightened voice, "Hey! I was steering her straight ahead, and all of a sudden she took this right turn! Judy!"

"Why?" Judy looked out of the window—"she always makes this turn late at night, without being told. It's the way home."

Lena immediately and resolutely accelerated her pace.

"Runaway horse again!" bellowed the policeman in terror, "Judy!"

Then Lena stopped, almost in her tracks.

"Oh, bless my four-leaf clover!" the policeman gave thanks. "Judy! We're at the Avenue. The light turned red, and the cars started up out there, and she stopped. Now's our chance. Get up here as fast as you can! Fly!"

On on to the road clambered the handcuffed couple. Judy climbed on the wheel. Lemuel, locked to her, half toppled her off, trying to get up at the same time.

"Oh, take these things off!" yelled the soldier. "I won't run! Quick, before somebody gets hurt!"

The policeman feverishly scrambled in his pocket, handed down the key. Lemuel lifted Judy down. Then he accidentally dropped the key—on purpose. He fumbled round on the dark pavement.

He said, "Shucks!" and lit a match. The match blew out on purpose. He lit another.

"What you up to?" the policeman raved.

And so the traffic light turned green. Out in the Avenue the automobiles stopped. Clancy uttered a wordless cry of horror. Lena gathered up her feet. Away she, Clancy, and the empty cab went, clatter-clatter across the Avenue and down 79th Street in the beeline of the homing instinct of all animal kind.

Lemuel removed the handcuffs and gave them to Judy.

"Seven o'clock on Sunday night," said the girl.

The boy leaned down and kissed her. Then he blew a kiss to Lena.

(Copyright)



# BATAAN, newest R.A.N. warship, goes to sea



EXTRA "SCRAN" for some of the crew of H.M.A.S. Bataan. Left to right: Able-Seaman Frank Andrews, Perth, W.A.; Bill Davis, Gippsland, Vic.; Ord-Seaman George Wimer, Queen's Park, W.A.; L-Seaman Colin Boyd, Benalla, Vic.

## Trial day in latest destroyer fulfils hopes of builders, crew

By ANNA CLARK

Australia's newest warship, H.M.A.S. Bataan, tribal-class destroyer, came through her recent trial programme with flying colors, promising a splendid and proud future in the Silent Service.

On her trial day I had the distinction of being one of the first two civilian women ever to go to sea in a Royal Australian Navy ship.

**T**RIAL day is the first day on which a new warship is taken to sea to be tested for speed, performance, and general reliability.

It is only when a ship has proved herself completely sea and battle worthy that the Navy assumes ownership.

The distinction of being a civilian woman at sea with the Navy hung heavily on me when we boarded Bataan in Sydney Harbor at 7.30 on a bleak winter's morning.

For the first hour I huddled over the rails of the upper deck.

Slowly the Heads disappeared through the grey mist shrouding the coastline.

Sailors were swabbing the decks. Others were peeling onions and potatoes outside the galley.

The "Old Man," officers and civilian engineers were busy on the bridge and in the engine-room.

But as the morning wore on the jovial life of the ship soon dissipated my de trop feeling.

I became "Nobby" to sailors who discovered my name.

I reciprocated, and talked about Chips, Guns, Torps, and Number One with nautical abandon.

It was impossible not to share the overwhelming desire sweeping the ship that Bataan would prove herself worthy of the R.A.N.

As soon as we had left the Heads the real excitement began.

The engines were coaxed to a speed of about 25 knots. The sullen steel sea was whipped into uncoiled meringue round our bows.

We left a long wake of creme de menthe and egg-white behind us.

"Guns," in a balacava and battle-dress, directed his men round the first of the guns to be tested—one of the six.

It said its piece with loud, crackling reports, and began the cacophony which accompanied us until we made port late afternoon.

Worst shock to my nervous system was the afternoon tests of the vicious 4.7-inch guns. There was no getting away from them.

In the wardroom as we were about to lunch, one directly above us was tested. Bits of plaster from the ceiling powdered the table, a glass crashed to the floor.

To add to the confusion the centre lamp fell from its moorings, and crashed into bread and butter, and crusts. Plates jumped into half

a dozen hands prepared for such drama.

Despite cotton-wool-blocked ears a scarf tied firmly round my head and ear-muffs of hands the reaction was overpowering and terrifying.

As frightening as the din and flame flashings from the big guns was the nonchalant way the sailors tossed the ammunition round. They said they weren't nonchalant and knew what they were doing, but my heart was in my mouth just the same.

Round midday we crowded the aft deck and watched Bataan lay a smoke screen.

From her funnels came whole skyfuls of storm-black clouds, and from her stern mountains of fluffy white snow.

For miles behind us they merged into a day-and-night rainbow and hid the yellow coastline. The effect was eerie and the silence profound.

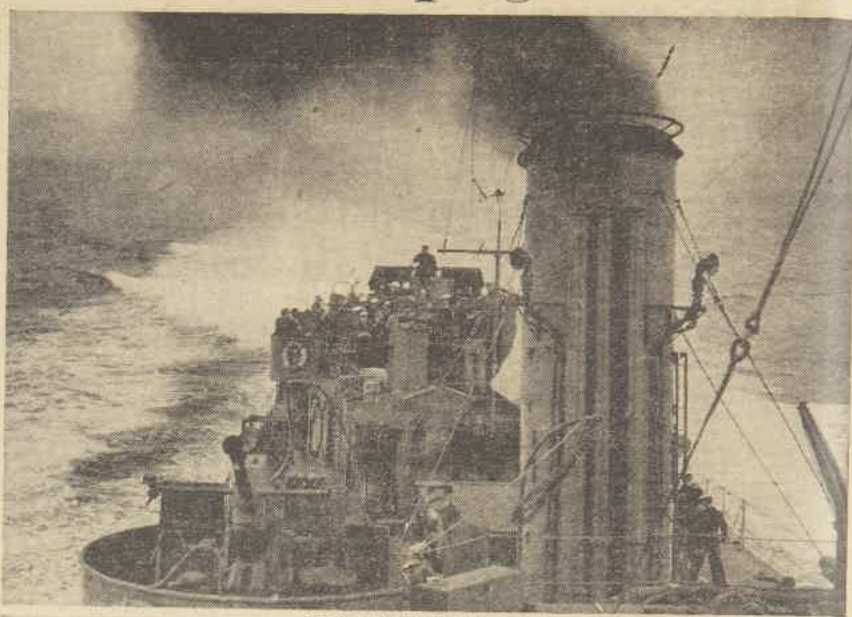
The civilian engineers were non-committal about its success, but looked very pleased, which was a good enough answer.

The trials were as important for the men who had designed and built her as for the men who manned her when she was commissioned only the week before.

It was on their shoulders the responsibility of her future success at sea depended.

Bataan was built by Australian workmen at Cockatoo Island, Sydney, many of whom helped build her sister ships, the already famous Arunta and Warramunga.

Originally Bataan was to have been named Kurnai, after an abo-



H.M.A.S. BATAAN belches black smoke from her funnel as she works up speed during her trials. These included the laying of a smoke screen.



YOUNGEST MEMBER of crew, Ord-Seaman Alan Nibet, seventeen and a half, had midday watch from the bridge on his first day at sea.

iginal tribe, but the name was changed as a reciprocal compliment to America when a U.S. cruiser was named Canberra after H.M.A.S. Canberra's sinking.

She was launched in January, 1944, by Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, and commissioned in May of this year.

Bataan's "Old Man" is Commander H. M. Burrell, who has had a great deal of destroyer experience during the war. He commanded H.M.A.S. Norman on Russian convoys, in the Mediterranean, and later in operations off Madagascar. He was mentioned in despatches for his part in landings she made.

The baby of the ship is Ordinary-Seaman Alan Nibet, seventeen and a half, of Saxsfrass, Tasmania. Trial day was his first day at sea.

"I felt a bit crook at first," he said, "but feel all right now."



SLENDER FOREWARD DECK of the new tribal-class destroyer, seen from the bridge. On the bridge, her "Old Man," Commander H. M. Burrell, takes time off for a smoke.

Another member of the company who felt pleased about being at sea was Able-Seaman Leo Cullis, of Sydney, who, although he had been in the Navy for 26 years, had not been to sea for two years.

Leo said the salt was practically sticking his limbs together he was such an old hand. He certainly looked the part, with girls' names

and nautical emblems tattooed on his arms and chest.

His friend, Chief Bos'n's Mate Wally Deacon, of Goulburn, N.S.W., has had 31 years of it.

They are both proud to finish their Navy days in Bataan.

There were only three minor casualties for Sick Berth Petty-Officer Eric Smith, who carried antiseptic, cotton-wool, and bandages about with him all day.

Worst casualty was a cut thumb when one of the galley boys missed the onion he was peeling.

Eric showed me his sick bay. It was small, but had everything a medical officer could want for the comfort of his patients.

Bataan has the same mess arrangements as H.M.A.S. Shropshire. They are the only ships in the R.A.N. which have a cafeteria system for the ratings.

A former chef from big hotels in Sydney and Melbourne, Leading-Cook Jack McKenzie, of Melbourne, cooks for the wardroom.

By the end of the day, when we slid into the Harbor, I was ready and willing to stand in with the boys lining the ship's rails, had I been ordered to do so.



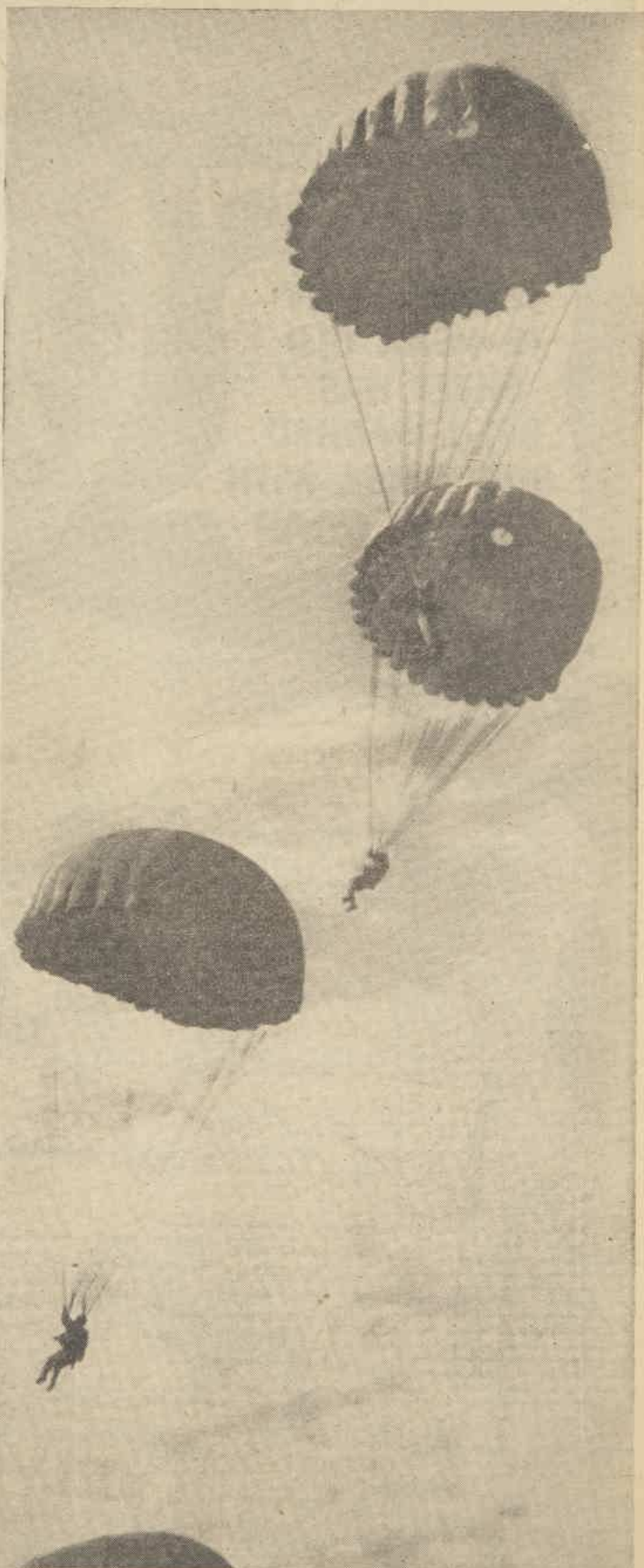
AUSTRALIA'S NEWEST WARSHIP, Bataan, sister ship of Arunta and Warramunga, during her trials.



# THESE A.I.F. MEN JUMP INTO BATTLE



**AUSTRALIAN PARACHUTE TROOPER** in position for leap from plane door. Paratroopers were first recruited for Australian Army in 1942. All are volunteers, handpicked for physique, intelligence.



**FLOATING TO EARTH** from a height of 500 feet. Paratroopers are equipped with sub-machine gun ready for instant use, and crash helmet to protect their heads when landing. Minimum age is 22, maximum 32.



**IN "SYNTHETIC"** wind from aircraft propeller troopers are trained to land without entanglement in 'chute. Training includes being dragged along on their faces, rising to their feet, releasing themselves.



# "CLOTHES COUPONS TO SPARE"

says  
**Aunt Jenny**

LADIES - THIS  
12-YEAR OLD  
SHEET HAS  
BEEN WASHED  
300 TIMES WITH  
VELVET SOAP

VELVET'S  
EXTRA-SOAPY  
SUDS MEAN NO  
HARD RUBBING.  
THAT'S WHY IT  
LOOKS LIKE NEW

NO WONDER  
SHE HAS  
COUPONS TO  
SPARE

Read how  
Mrs. B. Gordon makes linens last longer -

"When my friends didn't know which way to turn for coupons, I found I had enough—and to spare!" writes Mrs. B. Gordon (actual letter on our files). "I can honestly say my pre-war linens have stayed as good as new. Why, I've got sheets on our beds—12 years old—and I've washed them every other week. Long before clothes rationing, I learned Velvet's 'extra soapy suds' get out the dirt without hard scrubbing."

\* Formerly called  
SIREN in N.S.W.



## Radio News

### NEW RADIO PROGRAMME changes home life of thousands

All over Australia women are gladly re-arranging their household routines to suit a radio feature—Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories! Scheduled for 11 a.m. . . shopping and home tasks are juggled so the lady of the house has a "sit down" job while Aunt Jenny takes the air. And it has to be something quite out of the box before a hard-pressed housewife will do that!

Women find Aunt Jenny's stories have "everything." Warmly human, beautifully acted tales of love, adventure, comedy and drama, each is entirely different. Here are magazine-type stories for the woman who has little time for such reading. But she can "listen while she works" and that gets a big hand from busy women. That's why every Monday to Friday at 11 a.m. thousands of women tune in to Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories.

You'll hear  
**AUNT JENNY**  
tell these  
Real-Life Stories  
in the near future

#### INVITATION TO A VOYAGE

Does a wife owe anything to a neglectful husband? What should she do when another man offers her his love? A human problem with a new twist.



#### STRAW IN THE WIND

Should a woman give up the man she loves when marriage will ruin his career? The story of a great love.



#### HIPPOCRATES

GRIPPING tale of famous surgeon and his assistant. A bungled operation causes tragedy but medicine's sacred Code of Hippocrates brings happy ending.



An orphan falls to love with the son of very wealthy, socialite mother. A tense, moving tale.

LOVE  
AT FIRST  
SIGHT

#### Listen

Mon. to Fri. at 11 a.m.  
to these Stations:

New South Wales  
2UW 2AY 2BH 2GN 2GZ  
2KA 2KM 2KO 2LM 2LT  
2MW 2NZ 2TM 2WG 2WL  
Victoria  
3DB-LK 3BA 3CV 3NA  
3MA 3SR 3TR 3UL  
Queensland  
4BK-AK-IP 4CA 4MB  
4MK 4RO 4TO  
South Australia  
5AD-PI-MU-SE  
Tasmania  
7BU 7EX 7HT



## Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 4

**M**AX GOLD left the office. I told Iris I was going to see Sonia Carrington, and she decided to come with me.

A few people from the studio were there already, including Hal White and Penny Atkins.

I felt sorry for Sonia. Her sophisticated hair-do, her meticulously applied make-up, her black dress with just a touch of white at the collar... none of those things hid the tragedy. Her grey eyes were clouded with grief. She was making a valiant attempt to be hostess and widow at the same time. It wasn't easy, even among intimate friends.

I stood first on one foot and then on the other. There were things I wanted to talk about, but I didn't know where, when, or how to begin. I finally decided that the best thing to do was to play it Sonia's way. Apart from showing unmistakably that she had been hit pretty hard, she wasn't putting on any show. I admired her courage. But there was some talking that had to be done, and I realised it might as well be now as later.

I told her what I wanted, and asked whether this would be the time. She said "Certainly," and gave up. She took me into the library.

I said, "I don't exactly know how to begin. I may sound out of line. But I've been sort of thrown into the middle of a lot of things lately, Sonia. Things I didn't ask for, and don't like. I think those things might be tied up with what happened this afternoon. It would help if I got the answers to a few questions. Do you mind?"

She said softly, "You don't have to apologise."

"Thanks. If I go too far, you can put the brakes on." I lit a fresh cigarette. I inhaled two or three times to get myself set. Then I said, "Wally has been pretty much up in the air recently. As though he was worried. Has it been that way at home?"

She took her time about answering. Then she said, "In a way, yes. He's been sweeter and more attentive than usual, which is saying a good deal. But he had things on his mind. I knew that this was the busy season, and thought perhaps it was work."

"It wasn't?"

"I don't think so—now."

I said, uncomfortably, "I'd rather take a beating than ask this, but..." Her eyes were steady. Steadier, perhaps, than her voice. She said, "Don't embarrass yourself, Jimmy. I'll answer before you ask. No matter what the circumstances of Wally's death, I am confident that he had nothing to do with a woman named Mary Bishop nor with her apartment."

I applauded mentally. She had handed it to me on a platter and I didn't have to make myself miserable by firing a lot more questions. I said, "There's one more angle. It probably won't make sense to you, but I've got to ask about it. Used you to live in Atlanta, Georgia?"

"I was born and raised there."

"Did you know Howard Lawton in Atlanta?"

Once again she went to bat magnificently. She said, "Yes, I knew him. I had known him for a good many years. We moved in the same circle. But that isn't what you're interested in, is it?"

"Not exactly. I wondered—"

"—whether I knew that he was wed for murder about four years ago? Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Of course I knew it. So did everybody else in Atlanta. He was tried and acquitted. He had a perfect alibi. He couldn't have killed Mr. Robbins. Howard talked to me before he applied for his job at the studio. I didn't mention his past to Wally. It didn't seem fair. Anybody can be tried for anything. When a man is acquitted it means that he has been proved innocent. It would have seemed like gross injustice for me to tell Wally or anyone else that Howard had been falsely accused of a crime."

I said, "You're right, of course. But may I ask this? The police didn't believe he was innocent, did they?"

"No. But that doesn't mean anything."

I said, "Are you and Howard good friends?"

"No."

"Do you like him?"

"Not particularly. Does anybody?"

I said that they didn't. We went back to the sitting-room and Iris and I left soon afterward.

I took Iris to her apartment. Without waiting for an invitation, I went upstairs with her. We followed our customary routine, up to a point. We sat side by side on the couch. But this time I put my arm round her. She edged closer and put her head on my shoulder.

"It's too terrible, Jimmy. One murder after the other," she murmured, starting to cry. I held her tight and kept patting her and saying foolish things.

We sat that way for a long time. Then the crying stopped. She sat up straight and dabbed at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief. She said it was late and that we both needed sleep. I squeezed her hands, but didn't try to kiss her. I told her I'd be at my place within ten minutes, so she'd know where to get me if she needed anything.

I telephoned Crowley from the office next morning. He had, of course, read about Wally's death, and I knew that he probably had heard the inside from Max Gold. Anyway, he said he wanted to see me, and we made an appointment for my office at four o'clock that afternoon.

There was work to be done. A good deal of Wally's responsibility fell on my shoulders, temporarily at least. Clients called up all day long. They were sympathetic, but they still wanted their work delivered on time. When Dan Crowley came in, I was tired. I summoned Andy and ordered drinks. He brought them. I gave him a dollar and told him to go out and buy a couple of good cigars.

He looked at me oddly and said, "Why should you buy cigars, Mr. Drake?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why don't you open that box of El Corvario Invincibles Miss Randall brought you from Cuba?"

I said, "What are you talking about... and would have carried on, but Dan Crowley interrupted. He was a lot quicker than I was.

He said, "Has Mr. Drake got some El Corvarios, Andy?"

"Yes, sir. A whole box of them."

"Where?"

"In my cabinet."

This was too fast and too bewildering. I said, "The same cigars Miss Randall gave me?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did they get in your cabinet?"

Andy shrugged. "I put them there, Mr. Drake. The day you got them was the day of the barn dance. You told me they were extra special and you didn't want customers to get hold of them. Well, knowing we was having a big party that night, I thought they'd be safer in the cabinet than in your desk. So that's where I put them."

"And they're still there?"

"Yes, sir. I seen them only a little while ago."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"You never asked, sir."

I said weakly, "Okay, Andy. Let's have them."

He went out. As the door closed behind him, Crowley said, "I'm going to the office. I want to take these cigars with me. Will you be available later? It might be a good idea if we had Iris along, too. Could you and she have dinner with me?"

I telephoned right away and arranged it. At 7:20 I buzzed Iris' door. She looked glorious.

Crowley got there ten minutes late. His eyes held an unusual sparkle. He said, "Shall we talk first or eat first?"

Iris said, "Whatever it is, I'd rather talk. I'm bursting with curiosity."

## WORTH Reporting

### CLOSE personal friends of

John Curtin among the three thousand people who attended the memorial service in Westminster Abbey must have wished Mrs. Curtin, Elsie, and young John—his three nearest and dearest—could have been present at the deeply moving ceremony, cables our editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson.

My thoughts kept straying to them. I recalled an afternoon spent at the Curtins' simple home at Cottesloe when Mrs. Curtin told me many loving anecdotes of her husband's career, their early romance, and long years of domestic happiness.

Here in Westminster Abbey, miraculously preserved from destruction, the world was honoring Curtin the statesman, but my mind was filled with the story of John Curtin, tender husband, father, great home lover.

Mrs. Curtin would have deeply appreciated the mellow beauty of the setting, the simple dignity of ritual, and convincing, loving kindness of the ceremony in which thousands shared, and the special phrase in the Dean's prayer, "We give Thee thanks for John Curtin."

We seated ourselves comfortably. Crowley told her about the amazing reappearance of the El Corvario Invincibles. I could see ideas flashing through her head, but she didn't interrupt. He said, with a pardonable note of triumph in his voice, "We've examined them. They're the ones we wanted."

"And the ones Hernandez wanted?"

"Yes." He gave us an apologetic little smile. "I'm going to tell you something about them. You understand that I'm not at liberty to tell everything. But there are certain facts you're entitled to know."

We waited expectantly. It was better than a movie.

"The cigars," he said, "contained microfilm. Apparently our Cuban friend Benigno contacted an expert cigar maker who had worked in the Corvario factory. This man made up fifty Invincibles, precisely like the cigars you can buy at any first-rate stand so far as appearance was concerned. They had the box and stamps. It must have been quite a job. By the time they'd finished, no one without inside information could possibly have suspected that they weren't the legitimate articles."

"They were smart to select someone like Iris to bring them in. She was a celebrity. She was USO. She was coming in on an Army plane. She had to go through customs, but she was allowed to bring in a hundred cigars free of duty. It was perfectly natural that she should. I understand that they didn't break the seals, but even if they had, it would have meant nothing. The cigars looked all right."

"But their looks were deceptive. I told you that Hernandez was a German, and that we were pretty sure he was contact man for a group of financiers and industrialists in this country who are at present negotiating with German interests so that they will have the inside track commercially the minute peace is declared. None of them may actually be traitors, but any man who will negotiate with the enemy is suspect. Naturally, we've been anxious to identify them."

"Certain plans for this illegal negotiation were drawn up by these people before the war started. Means were arranged by which, when war came, they and their German opposites or contact men could safely identify one another. Suppose you were one of the American members of this group, and suppose a stranger calling himself Pedro Hernandez wanted to talk to you. You'd be afraid of him. But suppose he could bring you a bit of microfilm containing identification of himself, by thumbprint and signature,

### Spring-cleaning paid

**W**HILE she was spring-cleaning, Mrs. Diddo, of Swinton, in Yorkshire, found a letter in an old, disused chimney.

The letter was written by Nelson from his flagship, Victory, on October 9, 1803. Experts say such a letter may be worth anything up to £200 sterling.

**Y**OUNG woman in tram enthralled by a novel entitled "They Shall Not Die." Author's name was Frank Slaughter.

### Where Big Three met

**P**OTSDAM is in the news as meeting place of the Big Three. Sixteen miles south-west of Berlin this "oasis in a desert of sandy plains" was artificially built on the River Havel after the accession in 1640 of the Elector Frederick William, on what had been a small fishing village.

Sara Soule Palace became the summer residence of German Emperors, and Voltaire lived there for a number of years.

Link with England is the fact that Queen Victoria's eldest daughter and her husband, the Emperor Frederick, who were the parents of the late Kaiser, are buried there.

Offsetting the town's ornate historical buildings is the ultra-modern Einstein Institute.

The town had many industries, including tourists, sugar, cotton and woolen goods, chocolate, tobacco, market gardening, fishing, and the cultivation of winter violets.

**A** BUS was packed until it bulged with passengers, the Navy predominating. Everyone was tired until the resigned voice of a civilian in the back boomed out:

"Will some pretty girl get off at the next stop so that about fifty of these sailors will leave?"

### Opened windows

**C**APTAIN IAIN MacCORMICK, of Melbourne, who recently celebrated his arrival in England from Germany by selling to London theatres two of seven plays written in P.O.W. camps, is the great-grandson and namesake of Scotland's famous late 18th century "Mad Doctor."

Highlanders viewed Captain MacCormick's distinguished ancestor out of the corner of their eyes because he never sent any of his patients a bill, and he raged against closed windows.

Pioneering the value of fresh air in pulmonary diseases, he greatly upset the Marquess of Queensberry's household, when he was asked to treat the Marquess' daughter, who had incipient tuberculosis.

His first prescription was to thrust open the windows of her overheated, stuffy bedroom. When he called next day he found the windows not only closed, but screwed down.

So, with a characteristic flourish, he smashed the glass out of the windows with his walking-stick.

### PEGAPUSS

(A tomcat with wings has been found in Sheffield, Yorkshire. Is it in the Sheffield Cats' Home, awaiting an owner.—A.B.C. news item.)

**D**EATH and destruction headed every day.

The news so full of sad and serious things—

You will not judge me frivolous. I pray,

I like to think about a cat with wings.

There was a Cheshire cat who smiled, they say, And cats, it is laid down, may look at kings.

Dick Whittington's remained his prop and stay—

Add to the roll a Yorkshire Tom, with wings.

My cat, a cynical and well-fed stray,

Purring contentedly, to fire-side clings.

Says: "Pigs might fly. For all I care, cats may.

I'm not ambitious. What do I want with wings?"

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

### Desk for Monty

**F**IELD-MARSHAL Sir Bernard Montgomery is to have a writing desk of Tasmanian timber.

Launceston, Hobart, and Devonport branches of the Royal Society of St. George have decided to send "Monty" a writing desk as a presentation.

The Field-Marshal lost some of his furniture in German air raids on England.

Field-Marshal Montgomery is a son of a former Bishop of Tasmania, Sir Henry Hitchison Montgomery. He attended school in Hobart in 1893.

When he saw Tasmanian soldiers leaving for the South African war, young Montgomery said: "Some day I am going to be a soldier, and have an army of my own."

### Shaw's birthday

**C**ELEBRATING his 89th birthday last week, author and dramatist George Bernard Shaw, born in Dublin in 1856, does not claim to be a self-made man.

Poverty-stricken in his early days, when he lived in London with his parents, George Bernard Shaw tried his hand at various kinds of employment, at times allowed his parents to keep him.

Of this period Shaw remarks: "I did not throw myself into the struggle of life. I threw my mother in. I was not a sluff to my father's old age. I hung on to his coat-tails."

Unlike the majority of the human race, which considers sixty-odd the customary retiring age, Shaw while in his sixties wrote what are considered three of his best plays to date: "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," and "St. Joan."



JEFF KEATE

"Help shortage, or no help shortage, I fear Miss Mellish just won't do."

Please turn to page 24





# THIS IS MY CHALLENGE TO NERVE SUFFERERS

Use Bidomak as directed and if you do not find benefit within 14 days return the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co. and your money will be refunded in full without question.

**NO NEED TO SUFFER FROM  
NERVES, DEPRESSED FEELING, LISTLESSNESS,  
LANGUOR, HEADACHES, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, ANAEMIC CONDITIONS, LACK OF  
CONFIDENCE, TIGHT SCREWED UP NERVY FEELING, NEURALGIA, NERVE PAINS**

## "Thanks to BIDOMAK"

Say all these people:

Read these extracts from actual letters by people who were once never really well, but after taking BIDOMAK are now on the high road to vigorous, happy Health.

### Worked Wonders for Children

**ROSALIE  
BRISBANE, Q'LAND.**  
"As I am the mother of a large family, I cannot speak too highly of Bidomak. It has worked wonders with my children and saved many a hospital bill. I am never without a bottle in the house, as I think all mothers should take my advice and get a bottle and always keep one in the house. You can use this as you think fit."

Sgd.: Mrs. R.W.

### Always Done World of Good

**WENTWORTH FALLS.**  
"I have taken Bidomak since you first placed it on the market whenever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."

Yours faithfully,  
Sgd.: (Miss) E.O.

### Benefit in Bad Case of Nerves

**MARRICKVILLE.**  
"I feel I must write and tell you what 'Bidomak' has done for my little girl. She was a bad case of nerves, I really thought she was getting St. Vitus' Dance. It was then I tried Bidomak, and believe me, she is a different girl. She has had three bottles, but I will keep her on it until she is well."

I am, yours faithfully,  
Sgd.: S. Morgan.

### Has Made Me a Different Woman

**NORTHCOOTE STH.**  
"Dear Sir,—I am glad to tell you that 'Bidomak' has made me a different woman. After an illness of nine weeks I was completely run down, I could not stand the least bit of noise, everything got on my nerves, and I know I was getting on everybody else's nerves. I was told to get a bottle of your great tonic, and I have never regretted it. I am on my third bottle now, and I tell you I wouldn't be without a bottle in the house, it is wonderful."

Yours faithfully,  
Sgd.: M. O'Brien

### Steel Worker a New Man

**GLEBE.**  
"Dear Sir,—I am a steel worker, and at present working very long hours. I have lost over two stone in six months, and my nerves were in a terrible state, but I tried taking 'Bidomak,' and I must say that after taking only two bottles I am a new man and I have managed to put myself in the best of condition. I will never give up 'Bidomak,' and I am continually recommending it to my workmates. You are at liberty to use this letter, as it is a true confession of a man who had given up hopes of his health until 'Bidomak' came to the rescue."

Yours sincerely,  
Sgd.: P.R.

This amazing guarantee of benefit or money back is made to you by the discoverer of Bidomak because he is so positive that Bidomak will give you real benefit if you take it in accordance with his directions. The extraordinary health building powers of Bidomak are indisputable—proved by the many hundreds of letters received day after day from grateful people who once were ill, but now find joy and happiness in buoyant vigorous health. The therapeutic or health giving properties of Bidomak are based on the fact that nervous disorders result so frequently from a deficiency of vital food elements in the bloodstream and in the nerve tissues of the body.

**BIDOMAK PROVIDES VITAL MINERALS**  
Yes, Bidomak provides a rich supply of vital food minerals, iron, calcium, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, manganese, and copper. These are the substances which make good rich blood, buoyant muscles, steady nerves, a clear, sharp brain, and strong bones and teeth.

### A MODERN TRAGEDY

A modern tragedy lies in the fact that the body's foods are frequently deficient in these minerals, or our modern methods of cooking our dishes destroy much of their food value.

**NERVES, BLOOD, BRAIN ARE STARVED**  
The result is that our nerves, blood, and brain are starved for food, and we feel "old colour," we tire easily, our appetite fails, or our sleep becomes restless and unsatisfying. Work becomes a burden—play becomes work, and we feel so irritable and generally fed-up that we "snap the heads off" even dear friends and members of our own family circle. We need the uplifting, vigour-bringing power of the mineral foods of which Bidomak is composed.

### WHY BIDOMAK IS SAFE!

There is not one single active substance contained in Bidomak which is not perfectly safe for anyone to take as directed. Bidomak restores the body to a normal health status. Bidomak feeds—does not drug—and builds up effectively starved nerves, blood, muscles, and brain.

### THOUSANDS PRAISE BIDOMAK'S AMAZING

**BENEFITS!** Thousands of Australians, once sufferers from nerve troubles, have taken BIDOMAK, and now in answer to the query, "How are you?" they can say with gratitude, "I'm feeling fine, thanks to BIDOMAK." Some of their letters are shown above, originals of which are available for your inspection at the office of the Douglas Drug Co.

### BIDOMAK RESTORES HEALTH, BUILDS UP BLOOD

Bidomak provides iron to build good rich blood and increase the supply of oxygen in the bloodstream. This oxygen is used to burn up waste in the tissues and give the other ingredients in Bidomak a chance to do you good.

### BIDOMAK BUILDS NERVES

Bidomak contains phosphorus, which helps to keep the brain and nerves alert and vigorous. Phosphorus is absolutely necessary for well-being in this respect.

### BIDOMAK HELPS DIGESTION

Bidomak provides sodium in the form of phosphates and glycerophosphates. These tone up the gastric nerves and increase digestive powers. Even small children or convalescing invalids may take Bidomak without reaction or harmful effects.

### BIDOMAK BUILDS STRONG BONES AND TEETH

A very large percentage of the solid weight of the body is calcium. A deficiency of this important mineral causes tooth decay—rickets in children, and may be the cause of rheumatism, gout, and similar crippling disorders. Bidomak, therefore, contains calcium to build up strong bones and teeth and complete the work of the other vital foods.

### WHY BIDOMAK DOES GOOD SO QUICKLY

Bidomak does good so quickly because all the minerals are provided in a pre-dissolved liquid form. They are then absorbed at once, and can begin their healing action from the very first moment that they are taken into the stomach.

For **NERVES, BRAIN, and that DEPRESSED FEELING!**

THE TONIC  
OF THE  
CENTURY

# Bidomak







RICHARD PARRY, who will play Strickland in "The Moon and Sixpence."

## Maugham novel for radio

Somerset Maugham's novel, "The Moon and Sixpence," based on the life of artist Paul Gauguin, is the latest adaptation for the "Library of the Air" series, regular Macquarie feature.

It will start on August 2, at 8 p.m., and will be given in 45-minute episodes. This is the eighth book to be adapted for this series.

The highly dramatic star role of Strickland will be played by Richard Parry, whose first stage experience was gained at Doris Pitt's independent Theatre.

From this beginning Parry went on to a wide and varied stage career and has become a well-known radio actor as well.

After playing with George Sorlie at the Stock Theatre in Brisbane he was selected by J. C. Williamson's to play Louis XV in "Du Barry."

In 1935, at St. Martin's Theatre, London, he understudied Frank Vosper, after performances at the Birmingham Repertory under Sir Barry Jackson.

In 1936 he was featured in the Malvern Festival Season, produced personally by Bernard Shaw. In the same year Parry was Stogumber and Wendy Hiller Joan in Shaw's "Saint Joan." It was the fine performance Wendy Hiller gave in this play that resulted in Shaw choosing her for Eliza in the film "Pygmalion."

Parry was with Sybil Thorndike at the "Old Vic" and also acted with Elizabeth Allan, Mary Ellis, Ivor Novello, Lilian Braithwaite, Basil Radford, and Laurence Olivier.

In an earlier "Library of the Air" feature, "How Green Was My Valley," Parry was both star and producer.

The producer of "The Moon and Sixpence" will be E. Mason Wood, and the script was written by Kay Knavey.

Included in the cast will be Bebe Scott, Ron Roberts, Queenie Ashton, Sidney Wheeler, Irene Harpur, and Brenda Dunrich.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 1: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.  
THURSDAY, August 2 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.  
FRIDAY, August 3: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."  
SATURDAY, August 4: Goodie Reeve presents "K & L's" competitors, "Melody Performers."  
SUNDAY, August 5 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."  
MONDAY, August 6: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."  
TUESDAY, August 7: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

# Fashion PATTERNS



F2911



## Fashion Frock Service

### "GILLIAN"

New season's town or cocktail suit.

This suit has been designed to give you all new fashion pointers and comes in an in-between season material just right for early spring wear—an excellent quality spun rayon wool. Attractive shades include sunshiny-grey, sage-blue, old rose, forest-green, rust-red, and mustard-gold.

Design shows the popular trend, with fitting bodice, new wide shoulder-line, long slim sleeves, and high neckline to decorate with a chunky necklet. Short, ruffled-in blouse to slightly flare, and darts make a close-fitting under bodice. Skirt has right girth, and is slim and snug at hipline, with a gay flare at hem. Twin pocket effect of unusual design finishes jacket.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 22 and 34in. bust, 60/5 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 60/11 (12 coupons). Postage 1/0½ extra.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 22 and 34in. bust, 42/8 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 42/4 (12 coupons). Postage 1/0½ extra.

F2914. — Unusual yokeline is the fashion note for this gay little frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide with ½yd. of 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.



F2914

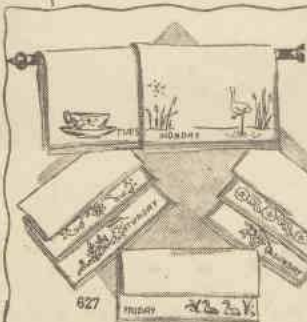
F2913



F2911. — Trim little frock with unusual bow and cuff effect. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide, with ½yd., 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2912. — Smart two-tone suit for spring. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, black, with 1½yds., 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2913. — Smart suit for the not-so-all. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36in. wide, for jacket and skirt. Pattern, 1/7.



## Needlework Notions

No. 627

### A TEA-TOWEL FOR EACH DAY

These gay little tea-towels are traced ready to work on a beautiful quality tea-towelling of British make, with striped borders of either red, blue, or green on white. The towels are traced with the day of the week and an attractive embroidery motif, and also feature a hem-stitched hem. The embroidery motifs and lettering can be swiftly worked in gay colors. Original length is 33in. and the width 24in.

Price for set of seven, 23/- (14 coupons). Postage, 1/0½ extra.

Price for one towel, 3/6 (2 coupons). Postage 2½d. extra.

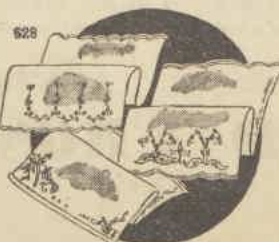
No. 628

### DAINTY HUCKABACK GUEST-TOWELS

Traced clearly on an excellent quality British huckaback in white only, these dainty floral motifs are ready to embroider in vivid or pastel colorings. The stitches required for working are very simple and include mostly stem-stitch and french knots. They are in size 17in. x 24in., and feature a hemstitched edge ready for crochet or lace finish.

Price for set of three, 4/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 7½d. extra.

Price for one towel, 1/9 (1 coupon). Postage 2½d. extra.



## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month from date of issue; 30 stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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Box 421G, G.P.O., Perth.

Box 4012, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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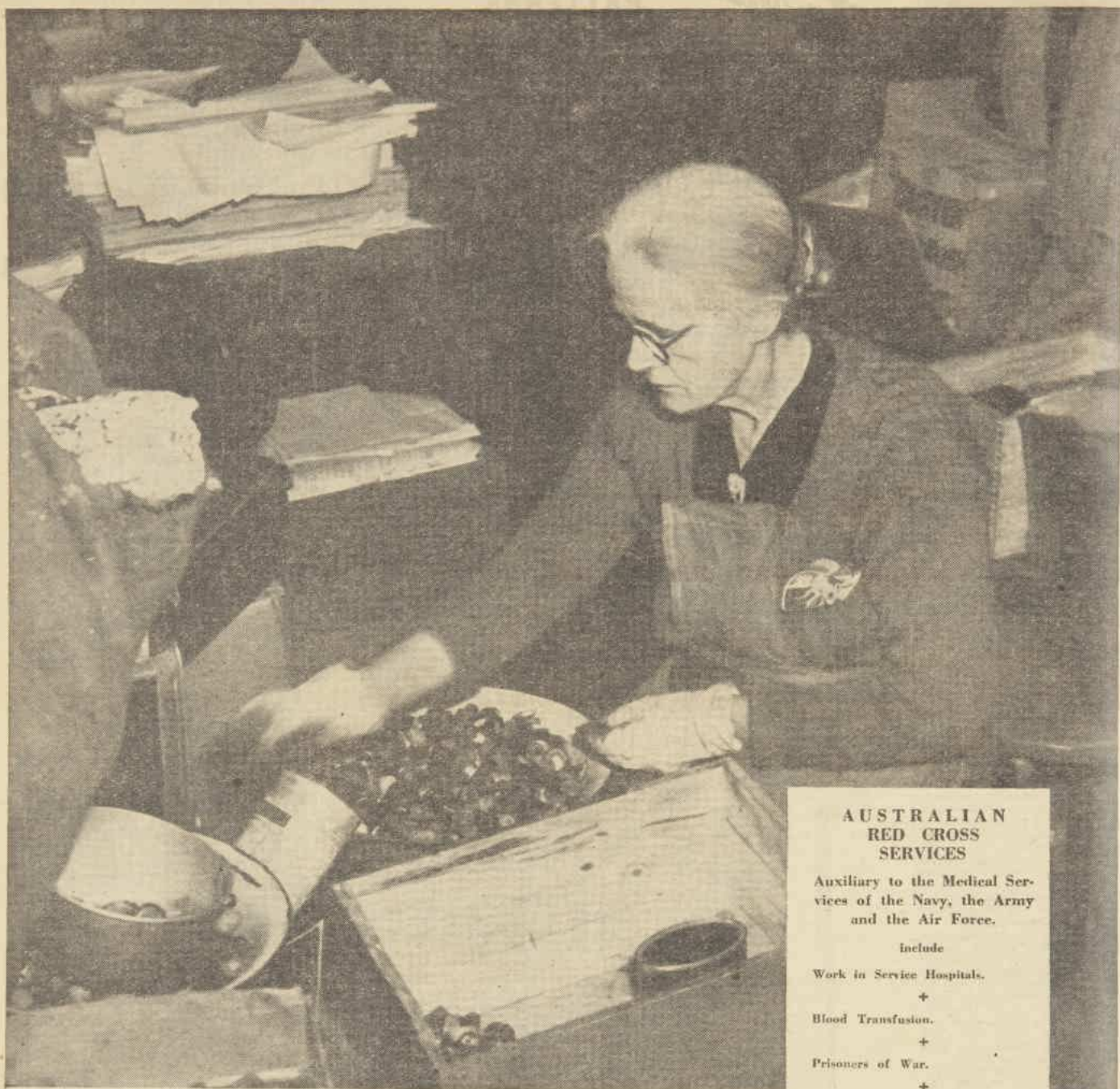
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Pattern Coupon, 4/8/45.





## By their deeds . . . .

**S**URROUNDED by the debris of a city, this elderly Red Cross Worker quietly carries out her appointed task. She brings the bright spirit of Red Cross Service to the dingy, uninspiring surroundings of a Waste Products Depot. If Red Cross is to play its part worthily in the world reconstruction that lies ahead, there will be a task for every hand, young or old.

## AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Founded 1914. Incorporated 1941.

### AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SERVICES

Auxiliary to the Medical Services of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force.

#### Include

Work in Service Hospitals.

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Handicrafts for Sick and Wounded.

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Library Service.

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Social and Medical Social Service.

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Civilian Relief.

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Nutrition.

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Junior Red Cross.

+

Overseas Relief.



# This is Deborah's Day

MOTHER said: "Nothing is going to be settled to-night. Deborah wants a few days to think things over. I don't want her to rush into anything until she is sure of her own feelings—and it's all rather sudden. Richard has been here just five days, and while we all like him very much, I think Deborah should take a week to decide anything so important."

When Paula came into our room I was wide awake. "What is Deborah going to settle?" I whispered. "Dick has asked her to marry him," she said. "He asked her to-night."

I sat up in bed. "Do you want her to marry Dick?"

"Well, she ought to marry someone, and Dick will give her a nice life—strictly air-conditioned and everything. I don't think it is a bad idea. She'll like the children and be sweet to them. And Dick knows that. That's why he has asked her to marry him. I think but he will be nice to her. It's not such a bad idea, Kitty."

She got into her bed and I lay down in mine. I could see that Dick was kind and capable, but I still couldn't get the thought out of mind that Deborah looked best beside a man who was taller than Dick—someone like Bob.

Now in our house we usually discuss our problems together, but we did not discuss what Deborah had to decide together. Mother and Deborah talked in low tones in Mother's room with the door closed, and Paula and Deborah would go shopping and then forget to bring what they wanted. And Mother and Paula would meet on the stairs and tell each other what they knew, in whispers. Then the day that Dick left for home, Paula told me that while Deborah had not promised to marry him, she had promised to think seriously about it.

Dick was coming here again very soon, probably within a month, and it would all be settled then.

I went into the living-room for a magazine and Deborah was writing a letter at the desk. She looked very slim and trim in the dark blue slacks and her blouse was a white silk one, but she seemed different, and I felt almost as if I had had a funeral in the house. I must have looked that way, too, for when she finished her last page she turned round and said, "Why, Kitty, what's up—you look as if you had lost your last friend."

"Why does everyone use that expression?" I asked, "as if that was the worst possible thing."

"Because it is," said Deborah. "To lose a dear friend is a great loss—". Then she turned away and just sat there looking at what she had been writing, and finally she began to tear the double letter page across into little pieces.

That happened several days ago and Dick has rung up twice since then to see how much Deborah was thinking. Whatever she was thinking, she seemed suddenly very restless for Deborah.

She has practically done no knitting for days now. She has errands to do and she has been in three or four times looking at clothes, and buying oddments. This morning Deborah went in early, and Mother said it would be nice if we went into town and met Deborah for lunch.

While we were waiting for her I was looking at a tall man in uniform carrying a heavy brief-case who reminded me of Bob. Then I saw that it was Bob. Mother saw him, too. "He must have got in early," she said. "Deborah didn't expect to meet him here until four o'clock. She is going to tell him her plans over a cup of tea."

"Oh," I said. "She was going to write him," said Mother. "In fact, she started to write him, but then she decided to wait and tell him."

For some reason I remembered Deborah at the desk that day tearing up a letter after our talk about friends. "What if Deborah sees him now," I asked. "Will she tell him right away?"

"I don't know," said Mother. "It's a little awkward our being here, if

Continued from page 7

we could see Deborah first we might tell her that Bob is here and then we could slip away."

I had been looking at this girl in the pale blue suit. She had just come in through a side door and was looking round as if she expected someone to meet her here. "Mother," I said, "Isn't that Deborah now, over there?"

"You'd better go and speak to her," said Mother.

But I never had the chance to do that, because just then Bob came round a corner and they saw each other.

"Why, Bob—" said Deborah.

Bob said, "Deborah—" Then he took her in his arms and kissed her, and everyone had to walk round them. After a while they must have remembered about other things. At least, they came over to us.

Bob was saying that he had always been in love with Deborah. "Only I couldn't marry on my salary and I didn't think it fair to monopolise her time."

Then Deborah said she had always been in love with Bob, only she had come to the conclusion that he cared for her just as a friend. And Bob said that was because he had tried to hide his real feelings, but just now, when he saw Deborah and saw how beautiful she was, he had said what he had said and he was glad of it. He said would Deborah marry him. And she said yes without complaining to think about anything.

We left them there together.

"Mother," I said, "this is Deborah's day, isn't it?"

And she said, "Yes, dear, it is definitely that. Very definitely." She was smiling, too. (Copyright)

# For the Honor of the Navy

Continued from page 5

"ALLOW me," he said. He mixed two cocktails, handed her one, and lifted the other for himself. They clinked glasses and sipped the liquid.

She walked to the fire, smiling at him mischievously.

He walked over towards her and drew her to him. When he kissed her, he kissed as she had known he would—a gay kiss of abandon.

The telephone shrilled behind them. She hurried to it, and spoke to the caller for a full minute. When she turned toward him again, her face had lost its gay expression.

"Did you know that the E50 escaped this afternoon after it sank the Henslow?" she asked.

"What do you know about the E50?" he asked.

"Only what I've just told you." "And what if she did escape?"

"Only that Captain von Kerber should know of the position of the rubber Atlanta," she said, casually as she dropped into a chair.

He shot a hard look down at her purned face.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Oh, my dear," she replied happily, "why do you think I've encouraged the very boring Chief of the Naval Intelligence Staff to make love to me?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh, you are . . . to get information from him for Von Blomberg, you know the man they reverend here as Mr. Arthur Trantwell, wealthy and respectable sawmill owner."

"I still don't know what you mean," he said.

"It seems to be a better rule than I could have expected," she went on. "Roger has fallen like an innocent. That was he who telephoned

just now. Poor silly dear was distressed about the escape of the E50. So he runs to a telephone to tell me all about it."

"Listen," Jim said, "Let's get this straight. Are you trying to confess to me that you are an enemy agent?"

"My dear," she said, "do you think I'd give myself away to anyone but those in the service of Von Blomberg?"

There was a light tap on the french windows. She saw the muscles harden in his face. She hurried across the room without saying anything to him. A stocky, middle-aged Italian stepped into the room.

"Good-evening, Luigi," she greeted. "Good-evening, Miss Thompson," he said in perfect English.

"You must get a message to the Baron about the E50 as quickly as possible," Nora told the Italian.

"Yes," he said. "Have you the message ready?"

"Tell the Baron that Commander Henderson informed me at about half past ten that the E50 had escaped. Inform him also that Henderson is afraid the E50 may come across the cruiser Atlanta."

She paused and turned to Jim.

"Jim," she asked casually, "do you know the position of the Atlanta now and its most likely course in the next twenty-four hours?"

Whatever doubts he had had about her story had been dispelled by the mysterious arrival of the Italian.

"She is travelling at about 25 knots according to her last message to the station," he said. "At present she should be off Clarendon, about 50 miles out to sea. She will continue down the coast on that line until midday to-morrow. She will be about opposite here by then and will make her way into the station. She

should get here about half past two or three."

"Have you got all that, Luigi?" Nora asked when Jim stopped.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then that's all," she added. "Give our regards to the Baron, and hurry with the message."

Luigi bowed and went out quickly. "Mix me another cocktail like a darling," Nora said to Jim.

He went to the cocktail bar and carried out her request. She joined him there when he had completed the mixing. They took the glasses and lifted them to their lips.

"To our partnership," he said.

The french windows swung open suddenly. They turned quickly to face them. Roger Henderson stood in the room. He had a gun levelled at Jim Fisher. They saw that his face was stern, almost cruel.

"I wouldn't reach for your gun, Fisher," Roger snapped.

"What's the game?" Jim asked savagely.

"Your game is up, Fisher," Roger replied.

"What are you driving at?"

"Merely that we've proved you to be a traitor."

"Never heard of such stupid rot."

"It's not rot, Fisher. When you gave that message to Luigi a few minutes ago you signed your death sentence. You gave us the last piece of evidence we wanted to send you to the firing squad by doing that."

"Evidence about what?"

"Evidence to convict you of having acted as an enemy agent."

Jim's body was rigid. "You can't prove that," he snarled.

"Yes, we can," Roger replied. "You and I were the only ones here who knew of the message to the Henslow last night to change her course. If the E50 hadn't got that message the Henslow would have passed outside the submarine's range. In addition the E50 knew of the layout of the minefield. You helped to lay the field. If the submarine hadn't known the layout it would never have got inside the inner defences."

Fisher's body seemed to have shrunk within his uniform.

"But of course we couldn't be sure of all that," Roger went on calmly, coldly. "So we gave you the day and night off. That's where you made your first slip. You met Luigi in the hills. He arrested Luigi on the off-chance. He's a yellow rat, Fisher. He ratted on you and Blomberg. He turned King's evidence because he chose an internment camp for the duration in preference to the firing squad."

"In addition he agreed under pressure to play a role this evening. You know the role he played. You fell for it, and gave him a message about the Atlanta. Again only you and I knew of that message. It came late last night. Do you remember? But of course it wasn't much good to you when you thought the E50 had been destroyed."

"But you got a little happier to-night, no doubt, when you heard that the E50 had escaped. So you were anxious to give the message to your fellow traitors. Well, you ought to know that neither Blomberg nor Kerber will ever get that message. Even if Luigi had been able to deliver it, they wouldn't be able to use it. Blomberg's in gaol, and Kerber is dead with his men at the bottom of the bay."

"If Luigi, as you call him, is such a rat, how can you expect a court martial to believe him if he says I gave him a message?" Jim asked desperately.

"We have Nora as witness that you did give him the message."

"Maybe she will not turn King's evidence as well," Jim snarled back.

"She need not turn King's evidence, Fisher," Roger said in measured tones. "You know her as Nora Thompson, but in the secret service she is known as agent 85."

"Nora—" Jim began.

"Here are your escorts, Fisher," Roger said as two naval officers stepped into the room. In silence they marched Fisher away.

Roger walked slowly across to Nora. All the anger and contempt had now gone from his eyes, and in them now Nora saw a light she had never seen there before.

(Copyright)

## What's on your mind?

### Plan wanted now for migration

WHY don't the British and Australian Governments announce their ideas on migration?

Since the war many Allied servicemen have come to regard Australia as their ideal home. They are among the thousands who have made inquiries about future settlement here.

Authorities say their hands are tied and they can give no satisfactory answers as yet.

At UNIO the White Australia policy was secured, but it is surely quite valueless unless the population is expected to increase.

Despite Mr. Churchill's statements Britain must agree to decrease her population. The men who wish to leave her after the war should be allowed to make their plans now.

fit to a British Sailor."

### Lessons in beauty

BEAUTY culture should be part of every school syllabus. To look good is a big step toward being good. Knowledge of the fundamentals of personal hygiene, use of cosmetics, suitable and correct dress will be valuable to every girl.

5/- to "Bassett," Vermont St., Sutherland, N.S.W.

### Australian fashion trade

WHY has Australia not made greater efforts to compete in the world fashion trade?

Some of our materials may not equal those of other countries, but we can produce sufficient variety to enable us to extend our own ideas in the field of design. We have many young artists who are awaiting the opportunity to prove that they are capable of creating smart and original designs in clothing.

5/- to Miss M. Rulstig, Tod St., Gawler, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Abrigines

I THINK the Australian aboriginal should have as many privileges as the Indian of America.

He should be given a large piece of forest in each State which no white man could enter.

Here he could hunt and hold the ceremonies as his tribe has done for hundreds of years.

5/- to F. Marshall, 83 Palmer St., Balmain, N.S.W.

### Belittling boys

WHY do some mothers accompany their boys when they interview prospective employers?

It is unfair to the boy, lessening his chance of getting a job and belittling him.

No one requires the services of a boy who cannot speak for himself. No matter what the qualifications.



of the lad the mere fact that his mother accompanies him is sufficient to warrant the fatal "N.G." being placed on his letter of application.

5/- to Mrs. B. Morrill, 21 Kenyon Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

### Not so happy after all

MRS. D. CROSER (14/7/45) asks what was wrong with the world of yesterday. Apparently for her, nothing.

Here are a few of yesterday's wrongs:

About 70,000 young girls worked 10 or 12 hours a day, with a half-day and one night off each week, for 5/-, 7/6, or 10/- a week plus keep.

Between 250,000 and 400,000 Australians had no regular work.

There were 30,000 so-called homes in Melbourne condemned as unfit for human habitation.

5/- to Miss D. Holmes, 429 Bay St., North Brighton, Melbourne.

### Pictures for hire

THERE is a good scheme at one of the galleries in England. It is called Picture Hire, Ltd.

Pictures are lent for a small monthly sum, and may be kept for a short time or indefinitely. This scheme allows the purchaser to hang the picture and see it in its setting before making a decision.

If the picture is not returned, the money already paid goes toward the price.

5/- to C. S. Burgess, 11 Bay St., Croydon, N.S.W.

### Encourage letter writing

MOTHERS give your children a pad, pencil or crayon and let them write to "Daddy," if he is away in the Services.

These childish attempts should not be supervised. Children have a happy knack of telling about the little things which a busy mother forgets to include.

This letter writing keeps in the child's mind a tangible father. And there is not a soldier anywhere, however tough, who will not be proud of letters from the small son or daughter back home.

5/- to Mrs. J. M. Sperber, 7 White St., Highgate, S.A.



# Film Reviews

★★★ A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

FAITHFULLY adapted from Betty Smith's best-seller of the same name, Fox has produced one of the finest films of the year.

Highlights of the impressively realistic tale of Brooklyn family life a generation ago have been so deftly developed that the film seems even truer to life than the book. The carefully chosen cast fulfil every demand made on them by director Elia Kazan.

Seen through the eyes of the teen age Frankie Nolan (sensitive) played by plainly pretty little Peggy Ann Garner, the Nolan family make superb studies. There is Katie Nolan, the mother, eternally harassed over money worries. In this role Dorothy Maguire is all the more convincing because of her deliberate underplaying.

As the charming feckless father, Johnny Nolan, James Dunn stages a remarkable film comeback. His scenes with Frankie, who adores him, but finally realises his weakness, are played with a sureness rarely shown on the screen. Joan Blondell as Aunt Sissie, who collects husbands as other women collect frocks, is adequately hoydenish, while other parts are well handled by Lloyd Nolan, Ted Donaldson, and James Gleason.—Century; showing.

★★ BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST

WITH an epilogue spoken by American columnist Drew Pearson, this Jap spy story has some unusual features in addition to the usual torture scenes, and sinister, slant-eyed little men hissing their way to their inevitable defeat. Tale has no happy ending. Starring Lee Tracy and Nancy Kelly, RKO suggests that the story of a Japanese attempt to obtain Panama Canal defence plans before Pearl Harbor is true. Tracy does well as a former renegade American soldier who outwits the Japs, and Nancy Kelly as a secret agent is especially convincing.—Civic; showing.

★ MEN OF THE DEEP

TEAMED by Columbia in the all-too-familiar roles of two brawling servicemen who fight over girls, but risk death for each other in heroic rescue scenes, Chester Morris and Victor McLaglen are suitably rough and tough. The film, which publicises the work of the Army Engineers Port Repair Service, shows some interesting authentic scenes of the servicemen who clear underwater obstructions from harbors. The shots are better than the ingenuous story, in which feminine interest is provided by Jean Rogers, Veda Ann Borg, and Amelia Ward.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

★ KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY

BALANCE between story and cast in this MGM film about the American Women's Army Corps is distinctly uneven. Reaction of a group of girls to WAC life is basis of the weak story. Cast is headed by Lana Turner, Laraine Day, and Susan Peters—the first two at least being more at home in glamor films than one with a women's army background.

Susan Peters is charmingly appealing as the young wife who enlists when her newlywed husband goes overseas. Agnes Moorehead, as the WAC Commander, is her usual competent self, and Bill Johnson, a stage recruit, takes a decisive step toward film fame.—St. James; showing.

DANA ANDREWS, who is now out of the Army, is starring in the Walter Wanger production, "Canyon Trail."



INTERESTED VISITOR. Though Walter Pidgeon has been working for MGM for 8 years, his wife Ruth recently paid her first visit to the studio to see him act a scene from "Weekend at the Waldorf." Film star Robert Walker added his welcome to Mrs. Pidgeon when she arrived.

ALAN CURTIS and Iona Massey, who divorced after many quarrels, are now Hollywood's handsomest dinner-date couple again, though Iona says quite definitely, "All romance is dead, but we are the best of friends."

FRANK PAY is still receiving plaudits for his comeback stage-work in the Broadway production, "Harvey." Fay plans to produce two plays late this year, and hopes to sign Dick Powell for one titled "Turmoil."

## Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 19

up a good excuse and walked out to tell her that it just couldn't be.

Crossing the room, it struck me that this wasn't going to be easy. Gloria had obviously dressed for the occasion. I stopped at her desk. She beamed up at me. I made up my mind to get tough. I opened my mouth to speak my piece, and then I closed my mouth.

I was looking at Gloria's dress. It was one of those V-neck affairs, cut startlingly low. It would have been a lot lower if she hadn't held it together with a cute little brooch. The brooch was a penguin. It looked familiar. Of course there were a lot of penguin brooches, but not like this. This penguin had lost a left foot.

Gloria saw me staring, and didn't mind. She probably didn't know I was interested in the penguin. So I gave it another careful scrutiny.

That was it, all right. It was the brooch I had given to Iria Randall a year ago.

It was the brooch that had been stolen from Iria's apartment the night Al Brenner was killed. . . .

I changed my mind quickly about calling off our dinner together. Accustomed as I was to public shock, this was something extra special. Something I wanted to look into. I let her understand that I could hardly wait for the day to end. I was more than cordial. She seemed delighted. We decided to go from the studio to a cocktail bar. Then we'd dine at some place that had music and dancing. Gloria said: "You sound almost human, Jimmy."

BY six-thirty the skies had clouded up and started to spill. The streets were soaked. We passed up the cocktail bar and went straight to the restaurant.

We enjoyed ourselves. Gloria and I and the penguin. That penguin tied Gloria up with this mess, and I kept wondering how, but without getting any further.

At midnight I suggested that we go home. She seconded the motion. The rain was still falling, but it had lost its torrential quality. Now it was merely cold and wet and uncomfortable.

We got to the shabby apartment house where Gloria lived. She invited me to come in. I said, "No, thanks." She didn't seem too disappointed, which rather surprised me. We said good-night and she went inside. I went across the street to a news stand near the subway kiosk, and bought a couple of morning papers.

I looked across at Gloria's apartment. She had pointed it out to me; third and fourth windows from the left on the second floor.

I saw Gloria. I saw a lot of Gloria because she was pulling her dress over her head. Careless kid, I re-

flected; not pulling the shades down. But maybe she didn't care.

I got ready to move. Then something stopped me. It was still Gloria.

She was putting on another dress.

That made less than no sense. Off with the new, on with the old. Even at this distance I could see that the dress she was slipping up wasn't pretty. Neither was the hat she put on. Clothes that wouldn't attract attention. I decided to stick round a little longer. I couldn't get any wetter than I already was.

She put on a coat. The light went out. A few seconds later Gloria appeared in the doorway. She turned right and started walking. Fast.

Something was in the wind. Something that made me follow.

It wasn't too difficult. She walked less than three blocks. She turned in at a dilapidated building. A converted apartment house. The vestibule was tiny, and on the street level, I accelerated my pace so that I could look inside.

I saw a row of letter-boxes, and over each a push-button. The sort of arrangement where you ring the number of the apartment you want and the person in it presses a buzzer and the front-door latch starts clicking. Then you shove the door and go inside.

Gloria was pushing the fifth button. I didn't know why, because the door leading into the dingy hallway was half-open. Then I saw. She stood on tiptoe and talked briefly into the mouthpiece which was directly over the push-button. After that she went in.

I felt tingly. I felt uncertain. But I knew that I had to follow through. I gave her plenty of time. Then, walked into the foyer. I dripped all over the place. I looked at the fifth button. It said, "W. Clark." Next to it was a dirty card with the apartment number: 2-C.

I walked upstairs. I tried not to think, because I knew if I started thinking I'd get scared and go home. And this was something that yelled to be looked into.

I heard voices inside 2-C. A man and a woman. I knocked on the door. Gloria's voice said, "Who is it?"

I knocked again. The knob turned. Gloria opened the door. Her eyes were wide and frightened. Over her shoulder I saw something. I shoved past her. As I entered the room she closed the door. I heard the latch click.

I was looking at a man. A man whom I had last seen under most unpleasant circumstances. I was looking at the pasty, boyish, expressionless face of Claude Williams.

And once again—just like old times—he was pointing a gun at me.

To be continued

**2GB** NEW TIME  
FRIDAY  
7.15 P.M.

Youth of To-day Discussing  
the Problems of To-day

ENTERTAINING—  
ENLIGHTENING—

# "YOUTH SPEAKS"



A National  
Parliament  
of Youth!

"We're attending to that now," Crowley said. "We're going to repeat Benigno's performance: find a first-class cigar-maker we can trust and have him assemble fifty El Comodoro Invincibles, each of which will contain microfilm. The very film we have just copied. It is a tricky job, and may take several days. Perhaps even a week. That's where you come in, Jimmy."

"When we've got the cigars fixed up perfectly, we propose to give them to you. Between us, we'll dish up some sort of scheme by which Hernandez can come into possession of them. It has to be a smart scheme, though. He mustn't suspect that they're being handed to him. Are you willing to play ball, Jimmy?"

"I'd love to!" I said. Then Crowley definitely closed the subject by announcing that it was late and he was hungry.

Early the following afternoon my telephone rang. It was Gloria. She said, "We have a date to-night, haven't we, Jimmy?"

I said, "Yes." But actually I had forgotten I'd asked her. I cooked





● Cigarette girl at the Coral Club, Teddy Collins (Veronica Lake), and waiter Joseph (Sig. Arno) discuss arrival of club's most interesting client. Joseph recognises him as America's richest young man.



● Glamorous entertainer at the Coral Club (Ruth Hilliard) takes part in several of the bright song numbers and spectacular scenes during the floor show.



● Coral Club is situated near a former hotel taken over as barracks for seamen trainees. In leave hours, the sailors go to the Club, where they hear beautiful crooner Sue Thomas (Marjorie Reynolds) sing "How'd You Like to Take My Picture?" She is really an heiress and gives her salary to the Red Cross. She meets wealthy Jay Bates (Eddie Bracken), who has joined the Navy, though she thinks he is in love with Teddy.



● Before romances are settled unsatisfactorily Jay Bates (Eddie Bracken) meets his sailor friends at the Club and entertains them to a luxury meal, while they listen to hit tune, "True to the Navy."

~\*~COLOR MUSICAL~\*~

## Bring on the Girls

**F**IRST technicolor film for Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts, Paramount's gay musical, "Bring on the Girls," also has Eddie Bracken and Marjorie Reynolds in singing-dancing roles, and a new "hot" dancer in Johnny Coy. Sonny Tufts spent four years singing in New York and Palm Beach, but up till now has not sung in any picture. He admits that he doesn't attempt to compete with Crosby or Sinatra.



Movie World





... keeps her woollies fresh and sweet all winter through. She knows the value of confidence, the secret of charm. She knows that the Fem-in-ex way of combating perspiration odor will never let her down.

## FEM-IN-EX Deodorant Cream

is guaranteed — takes only a second to apply and lasts the whole day long.

Use FEM-IN-EX Deodorant Cream every morning—get the habit NOW—and have complete assurance in the fact that you will never offend with objectionable perspiration odor.

Sold at all Chemists and Stores in 3 sizes, price 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.



IN TYPICAL EXUBERANT MOOD, Betty Hutton sings one of the songs from her latest Paramount film, "Incendiary Blonde," based on the life of night-club queen Texas Guinan.

## Hectic Betty Hutton wrecker of scenes

From FREDERICK C. OTHMAN in Hollywood

Betty Hutton, the prop-wrecking blonde who used to sing for dimes in Detroit saloons, now earns a five-figure salary of £30,000 a year.

Known variously as Hustlin' Hutton, The Blonde Blitz, Boiling Betty, The Blonde Bombshell, Hectic Hutton, and other descriptive titles, twenty-three-year-old Betty has become one of Hollywood's reigning stars.

THE apparently tireless Betty Hutton never has rested, not even as a child. Her mother, Mrs. Mabel Thornburgh, worked in an automobile factory in Lansing, Michigan, and made a fair

living to support her two daughters, Marion and Betty June.

Marion was fourteen and pretty. Betty June was twelve, skinny, freckle-faced, homely, and ambitious to help her mother with the expenses.

Work was not continuous, and the two little girls minded babies, sang on street corners, and ran messages to add a few dimes weekly to the family income.

At thirteen Betty accepted an offer of \$3 a week to sing with Harry Winegar's band at a lake resort.

The scrawny singer, in her home-made dress, was a success. She was loud. She made faces, and screamed and yelped, but the customers applauded. Winegar decided to take her with his band to New York.

The trip was a failure, and Betty—chastened but still determined—returned to Detroit. A friend took Betty to the Continental Club, where members of the audience were invited to perform. Betty seized the chance.

"Boy, was I loud and noisy!" she said. "But the manager offered me forty dollars a week to do the same thing every night. . . . We hadn't had forty dollars a week in the family since I was born."

Band leader Vincent Lopez signed Betty to sing with his orchestra but she was not a success, until one night, when she heard she was to be dismissed, she went "mad" during the act and smashed everything in

sight, kicked music off the piano, and generally behaved like a whirlwind.

Her performance so struck public fancy that she was starred and stayed with the band for two and a half years.

Then she went into vaudeville at two thousand dollars a week, and from there to the stage success, "Panama Hattie."

Hollywood was the next step for the exuberant Betty, and she won film fame at once with her breath-taking tactics in musicals.

She became engaged to Pere Westmore, the make-up expert, but broke the engagement soon after, and also



GLAMOR PICTURE of Betty, who has literally smashed her way to stardom by her boisterous comedy antics while singing.

broke a subsequent one to Charles Martin, the radio producer.

Her decision to learn how to act was followed by her fine performance in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

Now established as a star, Betty Hutton wants to start learning to be a lady.

She wants to save her money, stop screaming at people, stop smashing furniture, and learn to relax.

The "Huttons" is growing old . . . She is twenty-three.



THEN

NOW

WHEN?

New responsibilities and anxieties, yet the stress of life finds no reflection in her calm serenity. No time to-day for elaborate measures to preserve her delicate charm—and no need. Close observance of the simple rules laid down by Elizabeth Arden embraces all that is essential. When the hand of time moves on to begin a new chapter of peace, and the Elizabeth Arden preparations she uses so sparingly to-day are in abundance for all, the same youthful freshness will be hers.

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## TO STOP THAT COUGH OR COLD

A single dose of Mountain Mixture eases congestion, and the warming, penetrating thymus, eucalyptus and peppermint soothe sore throat, stop rasping cough. Buy it to-day under guarantee that it does this—or money back!

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN  
Get a Bottle TODAY  
Mountain Mixture  
PEPPERMINT

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, 2/3 and 3/6 per bottle.

## The test of a WIFE

Hilda and John had been married four years. Then . . .



### Feeling tired and nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember these symptoms can usually be traced back to the fact that your sleep isn't doing you any real good. You must replace energy lost during sleep. That means a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-headed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist today.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements and necessary vitamins in their natural form.



## SPOTLIGHT ON ACCESSORIES

● Bows of ribbon and spotted net to wear on your head with two ends that hang loose or tie under your chin.

● Blue grosgrain half hat that ties on to the back of your head.

● A wreath hat of pink flowers worn high, tied on with draped ribbon ending in a large floppy bow.

● Flowers and more flowers for dressing up at night. Wear a great, trailing cluster at your waist. Wear real flowers tied on with velvet ribbons round your neck and round your wrists. Attach them to a comb to plant them firmly in your hair.



● Frothy pieces of white neckwear that do "doubles" — little apron peplum which holds down a revers front and can be removed to serve as a ruffy tie-collar as well. And on a plain, tired dress try striped ruffles round neckline and cuffs.

● A large, gay silk floral scarf to tie sashwise over a simple frock. And a brilliantly printed silk sarong to wear tied dramatically over a plain, straight-up-and-down black dress.

Reing



## YOUR WEIGHT REDUCED...



No need to suffer from an ugly figure or excessive weight. I can, irrespective of your age and present measurements, work wonders with your figure. My course of treatment will be designed expressly to solve your particular problems, can be followed in your own home and will be economical in time and money!

Send your age, height, name and address, and I'll forward your ideal measurements and attractive folder on figure beauty. Enclose 4/6. In stamps to cover postage. Do this Now.

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LANGRIDGE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

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**TEACHING IN AUSTRALIA**

CHALLIS HOUSE, MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY  
Telephone B2911



**IF YOUR** hair is oily, cut sparingly for a time of oily, fatty foods. Drink plenty of water and eat plenty of fruit and green vegetables. And don't forget to brush, brush, brush—says Susanna Foster, Universal player, pictured at left. The last hint is for you and every woman.

## Beauty hints for busy people

**MASSAGE**—oh, gently—your eyelids and under your eyes each night with a nourishing cream. This helps to prevent wrinkles and banishes those tiny wrinkles caused by strain.

**KEEP** a bottle of hand lotion in the office or factory, and rub a little into your hands each time after washing them. It's a good idea in the winter, if your work is not dirty, to use hand lotion instead of washing your hands. Rub the surplus lotion off with a soft towel.

**HELP** your skin gain color and life by drinking a glassful of fresh orange juice each day—plus six to eight glasses of water.

### MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

**IS** your jewellery beginning to look dull? Try washing it in methylated spirit and rubbing it with a soft chamois.

**GIVE** your cauliflower a nice white look by adding a teaspoonful of vinegar to the water in which it is boiled. A little milk is an alternative.

**PLACE** some carb. soda on a damp cloth and clean marks on your enamel stove with this.

**IT** is important that flour for cakes and pastry should be dry and sifted. Damp flour causes heavy pastry.

**WHEN** washing your tea-towels add a little borax to the water. It helps to remove dirt, grease, and keeps them a good color.

**REMOVE** every vestige of make-up from your skin before slipping into bed at night. Never neglect this little rite, no matter how tired you are, because if you do your skin will surely suffer.

**YOU'LL** be amazed at the difference in your figure if you follow this advice: Exercise for ten minutes each night and morning, and cut out cakes, pastries, sweets, and suppers, and drink fruit juice instead of tea or coffee.

**A BRISK** rub down after your bath is invigorating, and is a definite tonic to the skin. Special attention should be given to the neck and throat.



## 10,000 women are telling you!

All over America, women were asked to compare Modess with other napkins. 3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer.

Why don't you find out for yourself? Buy

Modess; you'll find it softer... and safer.

3 out of every 4 voted...

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS  
softer

Product of Johnson & Johnson—makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrushes and Mops.

**SPECIAL NOTE.** Modess production is dependent on raw materials from overseas. As such supplies are often delayed, it is likely that at times you may not be able to get Modess. We assure you that such shortages are not the fault of chemist or store, but due to uncontrollable war conditions.

## DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your Cough or Cold

Get a bottle of Y-COUGH and be sure of prompt relief. You'll save yourself time and trouble if you stick to Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH is made to a trustworthy formula from ingredients which do their job. Y-COUGH stops your coughing because it soothes irritation and loosens congestion. Don't take risks—take Y-COUGH! 1/9 a bottle from all chemists and stores.

**Y-COUGH**  
KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS!  
SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## SKIN DISEASES

Originate in the Bloodstream



**VAXOS No. 3 ORAL VACCINE**  
Effectively Treats

**Dermatitis, Eczema, Acne, Boils, Carbuncles**

These skin disorders are all bacterial infections of the bloodstream. That is why local applications must fail and why Vaxos No. 3 gives quick, lasting results. A few drops of 'Vaxos' taken in water each day quickly gets to the seat of the trouble in the bloodstream. Heat and inflammation are rapidly dissipated. Blemishes soon disappear. Put an end to your troubles, obtain 'Vaxos' from your chemist to-day. It's simple and pleasant to take. 6 weeks' treatment costs only 11/- A shorter 3 weeks' treatment for milder cases. 12/6.

**VAXOS No. 3 ORAL VACCINE**

22 your chemist is out of stocks write to VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.) 584 Little Collins St., Melb. C1

**PRESERVE EGGS in OVO**  
AVOID SHORTAGE NEXT SEASON  
OVO is the proved preservative of 12 years' reputation. Protects the flavor and quality and saves money when prices are high. Safe, Sure, Easy. All Grocers.

## Treatment for simple eye troubles

By SISTER MARY JACOB

**A STYE** is a small, painful boil on the eyelid attended by heat, redness, swelling, and some formation of pus.

There are various causes for this painful and troublesome eye complaint, and a run-down state of health is often a contributory cause.

Eye-strain, exposure to glare and to strong winds, and inflammation of the lids or membrane covering the eyeball can also be the cause.

Heat carefully applied (several thicknesses of lint round the bowl part of a wooden spoon dipped into hot boracic lotion and carefully

applied to the infected eye) and rest are important factors in the treatment.

As well as local treatment, the diet must be checked up to see if it contains a sufficiency of important mineral and vitamin elements.

This is more fully explained in a leaflet describing simple eye troubles, prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.



**WHEN LAUNDERING** stockings, remove rings and bracelets, as Leslie Pope, of radio's "Judge Marshall's Family," does to prevent fine threads catching on them.



## Make the most of GARDEN BLOOMS

• Our Home Gardener tells you how to cut and treat flowers so that they will live longer and give grace and charm to rooms.



**SIMPLE CHARM:** Snowdrops in a squat bowl lend charm to a room. Squeezed tightly into a tallish vase their beauty would be smothered. They require no special treatment for keeping purposes.



**STRIKINGLY LOVELY:** Yellow jasmine with its greenery skilfully arranged for wall decoration. Note effective height of vase.



**MASSED BEAUTY:** Here the common gaillardia combines with hydrangea and glistening fern-leaf to bring glowing color to a corner.

**PICTURESQUE:** Here you see what can be done with a few blooms, some caladium leaves and umbrella grass. Like the effect?



**STUDIED GRACE:** One glimpse will convince you that loving hands have arranged these blooms with skill and artistry. Note the spacious neck of this holder.



**PHEASANT'S-EYE NARCISSI** are fragrant and graceful, and some of their characteristic, soft-green foliage should always accompany them in vase or bowl.

**F**OR best results when arranging flowers, use a keen knife, razor-blade, or sharp scissors for cutting, trimming.

Always cut the stalks slanting to provide more absorption surface and to prevent them standing flat on the bottom of the vase, thus closing the open drinking surface.

The stems of flowers such as sweet-peas, daffodils, roses and others much used for interior decoration should be cut as long as possible and trimmed back later to suit the desired arrangement.

Gather the blooms in the early morning or toward evening, when the tissues are full of sap. Place them in a bucket of water carried with you, plunging them as deeply as possible, since the cut surface should not be exposed to air longer than is necessary.

Keep them out of the sun if possible. Remove any foliage that is below the water line of the vase, for it left it decays.

Poppies, dahlias, heliotropes, stunitas, and poinsettias "bleed" when cut. The ends of the stems should be dipped into boiling water for a minute or so, or reared in a gas jet, to seal the vital life sap.

When handling lilies, remove the pollen because it stains the blooms

and the spots are difficult to remove from cloths or linen.

Pour wax over the ends of water lilies if they are to be used for cut flowers.

To maintain the lasting time of flowering shrubs such as lilac, spiraea, hibiscus, and others make a couple of criss-cross cuts at the base of each branch. Hard-stemmed flowers such as anemones, stocks, chrysanthemums, paeonies, petunias should have their ends mashed with a hammer to allow them to absorb the water, as it cannot filter through their hard-skinned stems.

Flowers should be gathered at certain periods in their development—roses when the buds are soft; lilies and gladioli when the first blossom on the stem opens; poppies the night before they open; paeonies as the outer petals unfold, and most other flowers just before they are fully opened.

Flowers last longest in a cool room.

A bit of charcoal or two drops of formalin to each quart of water helps to purify it, but don't be taken in by such stupid suggestions as aspirin, salt, sugar, and other chemicals. They have no effect on the lasting qualities of flowers.

Don't choke flowers into a vase. If necessary, use several.

Eliminate stiffness and lean toward balance, freedom, and ease.

## BANISH Unightly Charm-Destroying HAIR



Modern frocks, swim suits demand under arms and legs free from hair. For a clear complexion, superfluous hair must be removed. Le Charme Hair Remover positively removes unwanted hair; destroys the roots for good; leaves skin clear and smooth. Odorless, harmless, painless. 7/6

**Le Charme**  
PERMANENT HAIR REMOVER

If unobtainable locally, post free from Box 2236, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Don't let a HEAD-COLD wreck your day

Few things can more thoroughly spoil work and play than a stuffed-up nose that won't let you breathe. But don't despair. You can clear your nose quickly—and easily—with a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

### HITS THE SPOT

This specialized medication goes straight to the place where help is needed. Swiftly it clears the nose, shrinks swollen membranes, relieves irritation—makes breathing cool and clear.

Keep it handy always. And remember that if you use it at the first sneeze, you can prevent many colds.

**VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL**

## NOTICE TO ALL CHILD WELFARE SISTERS

A 16-page booklet, containing—recipes, daily menu charts, and a list of suitable foods for children aged 2 to 5 years old, together with much other valuable information has just been published. Copies are obtainable without cost upon receipt of a stamped (1/4d.) and addressed envelope by the LIFE GUARD MILK COMPANY (AUST.), 530 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.

**HARBUTT'S  
'Plasticine'**

—the original and best  
modelling material



ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

*Deanna Durbin*

Universal Star  
now appearing in  
"Can't Help Singing"

**Her skin is smooth and soft—**

**AND TESTS SHOW 3 out of 4  
COMPLEXIONS IMPROVE IN A  
SHORT TIME WITH LUX  
TOILET SOAP**

THANKS, DEANNA. I'M  
USING LUX TOILET SOAP  
IN MY BATH AS WELL.

AFTER ONLY A  
SHORT TIME  
IT'S DONE  
WONDERS  
FOR MY  
SKIN

I'M SO HAPPY  
WHEN TOM SAYS NICE  
THINGS ABOUT  
MY SKIN



The bath and complexion  
care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

A LEVER PRODUCT

L.T.148.26





● These delicious little dishes have been created to entice the appetite of the convalescent. Flavor them lightly, cook them carefully, serve them attractively.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

**G**IVE your patient the best you can possibly afford. Clever menu planning and good cooking is the surest road to good health:

Increase service portions gradually with returning health.

Have fun yourself by planning daily menu surprises. Arranging attractive service can give you, too, as much pleasure as your patient.

#### CREAMED BRAINS

Soak 2 sets sheep's brains in cold salted water for 1 hour. Rinse, place in cold water, and bring slowly to the boil. Drain, cover again with cold water, add 1 teaspoon salt, and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer gently for 10 minutes. Drain and dice, removing dark membranes. Melt 1½ tablespoons butter and stir in 1½ teaspoons flour and cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in about 2-3rd cup milk, simmer gently 2 minutes, and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Add

the brains, season to taste. Serve very hot dusted with powdered parsley. May be served with carefully cooked hot vegetables of contrasting colors. Try with carrot straws, seasoned with a little butter and chopped mint. Or with diced avocado pear heated with a little butter and seasoned with lemon.

#### BRAISED BONED CUTLETS (With Diced Pineapple and Potato Fluff.)

Remove the bones from 2 lamb cutlets. Place a layer of diced carrot and celery in a small casserole or pan. Barely cover with a little meat or vegetable stock, and place cutlets on top. Cover and cook very slowly for 45 minutes. Lift cutlets on to a hot dish and strain off ½ cup stock. Thicken with 1 teaspoon arrowroot, season, if allowed, with 1 dessertspoon sherry, and color with caramel. Glaze the cutlets with this sauce and sprinkle with powdered parsley. Serve with diced pineapple, heated in its own juice, a spoonful of green peas and

steamed potato, creamed with an egg-yolk. Serve all freshly cooked and very hot.

#### CREAMED SWEETBREADS AND OYSTERS

Soak sweetbread in cold water to cover with 1 teaspoon salt for 1 hour. Rinse, cover with cold water, bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes and drain. Cover with hot water, adding 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vinegar to 1 pint water. Simmer very slowly 30 minutes, drain, and rinse in cold water. Cool and remove membranes and tubes. To 1 cup diced sweetbread add about 6 bearded oysters and 1 cup white sauce. Season to taste, adding few drops of lemon juice. Heat thoroughly, and serve on hot toast, and top with powdered parsley.

#### LIGHT BREAD CUSTARD

Pour 2-3rd cup warm milk over 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs. Stir in 1 teaspoon sugar beaten with an egg-yolk. Add a drop of vanilla essence and fold in a stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into buttered cup mould and steam or bake slowly until lightly set, 10 to 15 minutes. Top, if liked, with apple jelly or honey or caramel.

#### POACHED EGG FLORENTINE

Rub 1 cup of cooked spinach through a fine sieve. Season carefully to taste with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Heat,

**SURPRISE DISHES** or surprise ingredients pep up food interest. . . . Above, hot diced avocado pears are served with creamed brains, all delicately flavored and piping hot.

shape into a patty, and place on hot plate. Poach an egg until lightly set in a little milk in a flat pan. Lift on to spinach base. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley or mask with a smooth white sauce, topped with buttered crumbs.

#### HONEY AND LEMON JELLY (With Strawberries.)

Dissolve 1½ teaspoons gelatine in 1 cup water. Add 1½ dessertspoons lemon juice and about 1½ tablespoons honey. Add 1 cup cold water. Wash and hull about 6 strawberries.

Pour about 1 dessertspoon jelly into a cup mould and set. Slice 2 or 3 strawberries, place on set layer, moisten with more jelly, and set. Half-fill cup with jelly and set. Slice remaining strawberries, and mix with remaining jelly, and pour into cup mould. Turn out when set. Garnish with fresh mint sprigs, and serve with vanilla wafer biscuit.

#### STRAWBERRY OMELET

Beat 2 egg-yolks with 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch grated orange rind, and 1 tablespoon water. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into small, warm, greased omelet pan. Cook over medium heat until loose, and lightly browned on bottom.

Do not cook too long, or the omelet

will be leathery. Heat halved strawberries with little orange juice and sugar. Place some on omelet, and fold in two. Slip on to hot plate and top with remaining strawberries and orange syrup. Serve at once.

#### CHICKEN IN ASPIC WITH SALAD

Soften 1 level teaspoon gelatine in 1 tablespoon chicken stock. Simmer 1 cup stock with thin slice of onion, small piece of carrot, sprig of parsley, curl of lemon rind, and a piece of bay leaf for 10 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and strain through a fine cloth. Color, if liked, with caramel. Dissolve the gelatine in this stock. Pour a small quantity into an individual mould and set. Arrange on this a pattern of parsley sprig and carrot shape or little chopped red capsicum, and set in a spoonful of jelly. Combine the remaining jelly with minced steamed chicken, season to taste, and pour into mould to set. Turn out on to a bed of finely shredded and seasoned lettuce. Serve also a little diced pineapple, a sliced new potato sprinkled with chopped mint, a spoonful of chilled green peas, and a thin slice of tomato and crisp white celery curl.

Continued on page 31



**F**OOD is so very precious that in districts where there is surplus milk supply every effort should be made to utilise it.

Cottage cheese made from milk curd is healthy, nourishing food for adults and children.

#### WHITE COTTAGE CHEESE

This recipe is made from the curd of soured milk. This should be of junket consistency. Line a dish with cheese-cloth or an old tea-towel. Pour in thick milk and tie in loose bag. Hang over basin (an inverted chair makes a good frame) for at least 12 hours, preferably overnight. Remove from cloth. Add cream or top milk if available. Season according to taste with salt, pepper, flavor vegetables, or fresh herbs. This may be used in many ways. May be sweetened.

Try beaten with curry powder, chopped parsley, hint of chives, and little grated apple as sandwich spread.

Moisten with little salad dressing and use as a filling for small tomatoes, or roll into balls and serve with pineapple or sliced apple in salad. Season with a little chopped onion and spread on hot pancakes. Sweeten with honey and add a dash of cinnamon and use as a sweet filling for pancakes or sponge cake.

Spread thickly on hot toast, top with apple puree, and dust with cinnamon and serve as dinner sweet.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Fealikes, 4 Vicars St., Coogee, N.S.W.

#### GLAZED CORNED BEEF

Piece of corned beef (5 to 6lb.), 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons dripping,



SANDWICHES, salads, and whips of hot coffee... easy and attractive for luncheon or supper buffet. Sandwich fillings should be moist and well seasoned.

## Cheese recipe wins prize

• Country women will be interested in the white cheese recipe on this page. They may find it worth producing, not only for home use but for the nearest market.

1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 lemon, 1 cup orange marmalade, 1½ dozen cloves, thick slices cored, unpeeled red apples.

Wash corned beef in cold water. Place in pan of cold water. Slowly bring to boil, simmer 1 hour. Drain, cover with hot water, and simmer until tender, allowing about 45 minutes per pound. Cool in stock, drain, place in roasting pan, fat side up, rub with flour and dripping, stick with cloves, and bake in a hot oven for few minutes and

then cover with mixture of mustard, sugar, and marmalade, baste well with orange and lemon juice and place apple slices round the meat. Cook for 30 minutes, basting with juices several times. Serve hot with apple slices or cold with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. R. Litchfield, 3 Curnow St., Brighton, S.A.

#### CHEESE, PEANUT BISCUITS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 level tablespoons lard, 1 cup grated cheese, about 1 cup chopped peanuts, cold water.

Rub lard into sifted flour and salt. Add cheese and nuts and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Roll to thin sheet and cut into shapes. Place on greased tray, prick with fork, brush lightly with water, and sprinkle with onion or celery salt. Bake in fairly hot oven until golden brown. Good as base for savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Potter, 15 Palace St., Petersham, N.S.W.

## Getting Better

Continued from page 30

#### CREAMED FISH IN ORANGE CASE

Combine 1 cup finely flaked cooked fish with 1 cup smooth white sauce. Add 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch grated orange rind, and few drops lemon juice. Remove all flesh and surplus white pith from orange case.

Trim edge by snipping with scissors, place in boiling water and simmer five minutes. Drain, pour hot fish into orange case. Top with buttered crumbs or grated cheese, and cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Whitebait is very delicious prepared in this way. Serve very hot with buttered toast fingers, or with crisp Melba toast.

#### SAVORY FISH CUSTARD

Beat 1 egg with 1 pint milk. Add 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, pinch of grated lemon rind, and 1 tablespoon finely flaked cooked fish. Season with pepper and salt. Pour into a buttered individual dish and bake in a slow oven (325deg. F.) until lightly set, about 15 minutes, or steam until lightly set, 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot. May be served with green peas and carrot puree, or with grilled tomato or minted pineapple.

#### GLOVE LEATHER

EXCLUSIVE GLOVEMAKING  
Expert tuition by appointment  
(Not Saturdays)

E. RENKERT,  
1st Floor, 56 Pitt Street, Sydney  
(Near Bridge St.)



FRESHLY MADE ROLLS, filled with well-seasoned cottage cheese, add nutrition value to this salad menu. Note attractive arrangement of platter.

—U.S. Office of War Information photos.

## PRESENT FOR A MOTHER—



Two generations of Mothers have been using Curlypet. Curlypet's gentle anti-septic qualities keep baby's precious head so free of cradlecap and scalp irritation, and help baby's hair to grow beautifully lustrous, healthy and curly.

So, some tubes of Curlypet make the nicest and most useful present you could give Baby's Mother at every season of the year.

You can get Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store, and if you are far from town, pin 3/8 in Postal Note or Stamp to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 4355, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail with full directions for use.

Keep a note of the number of your Postal Note until you have our reply.

## CURLYPET



Keep  
Lovely  
Longer

## TANGEE

Petal-Finish  
LIPSTICKS • ROUGE • FACE POWDER



War-winning Hands

## Stay Lovely

with Pond's Hand Lotion

Keep your hands soft, smooth and white with rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in. Leave on while you sleep. You'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands become.

Owing to wartime transport regulations, Pond's Hand Lotion is temporarily not available in N.S.W. or Queensland.



FOR SOFT  
Kissable HANDS



## No Need to Wait

FOR YOUR FOUNDATION.

You can get prompt delivery of a "Surco" foundation. Our garments and Post Maternity Corsets are cunningly designed and individually made to your particular requirements, combined with a stylishness of cut and finish discriminating women appreciate. If you cannot call, write to us.

We can help you with self-measurement chart. Also all types of Belts; MATERNITY and SURGICAL.

For your legs, OUR ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

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124 BATHURST STREET, SYDNEY  
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Burgess Instrument Makers by Appointment, Established 1874.  
MCS31

## "One cake cleans an amazing number of windows!"

One inexpensive cake of Bon Ami lasts months and months. Yet even if Bon Ami cost a lot, you'd still like it for windows. It's so quick and easy to use... leaves the glass so bright and sparkling. Actually, Bon Ami saves money two ways. It costs very little... and you use very little to get windows really clean!

## Bon Ami

leaves no oily film



"hasn't scratched yet!"



## MY THROAT WAS RAW

my eyes were red,  
My nostrils sore, my limbs like lead;  
I could not sleep, I dare not smoke,  
And when I ate I seemed to choke.  
'Twas influenza at its worst,  
'The dogs' disease' a thing accurst;

My chemist sold me something sure—  
Hurrah! for Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



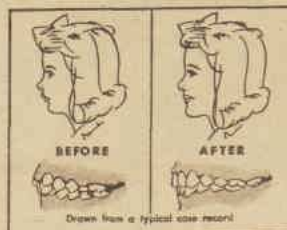


**Wishing can't change a "weak" chin... but dentistry Can!**

Watch your child's profile as it develops! Often the "weak" receding chin that detracts from a child's appearance and poise can be corrected by early dental treatments.

For example, when this girl's first permanent molars came in she had an abnormal "bite", which was checking the forward growth of her jaw. Fortunately she was taken to the dentist early enough to correct her teeth and jaw development. And all through life she'll thank her parents for this improvement in her looks!

Parents, it's the truth—the care you give your child's teeth now will influence his or her entire life. So don't



put off visits to the dentist. And teach the habit of daily brushing with Pepsodent Toothpaste to keep teeth sparkling bright!

**it's the truth!**

**PEPSODENT**

**WITH IRIUM**

**MAKES TEETH FAR BRIGHTER**

Now you can have brighter, better looking teeth! No matter what tooth paste you have been using—PEPSODENT, which contains IRIUM, for greater cleansing power, will make your teeth far brighter.

PEPSODENT makes this unqualified promise to you, without fear of contradiction, because you can prove it yourself, *quickly*. The only equipment you will need being a tube of PEPSODENT, your tooth brush and the bathroom mirror.

Buy yourself a tube of PEPSODENT right away—start using it twice-a-day and soon you'll have visible proof of PEPSODENT'S positive, truthful claim—it really cleans teeth.



Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can feel it—others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull—hides the true brightness of your smile. Test your teeth with the tip of your tongue now—can you feel film? Get rid of it with PEPSODENT.



Film clings, is hard to remove. This film coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted upon to remove film deposits from teeth. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own—just as this here—to mar the beauty and natural brightness of your smile.



But look what IRIUM, the PEPSODENT cleaning agent, can do. The same mirror, but IRIUM has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, leaving the surface clean and bright. That's how thoroughly PEPSODENT, with IRIUM, removes film from teeth—safely, gently, positively.



**USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY . . . . SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR . . . .**